

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 686.—VOL. XXVII.

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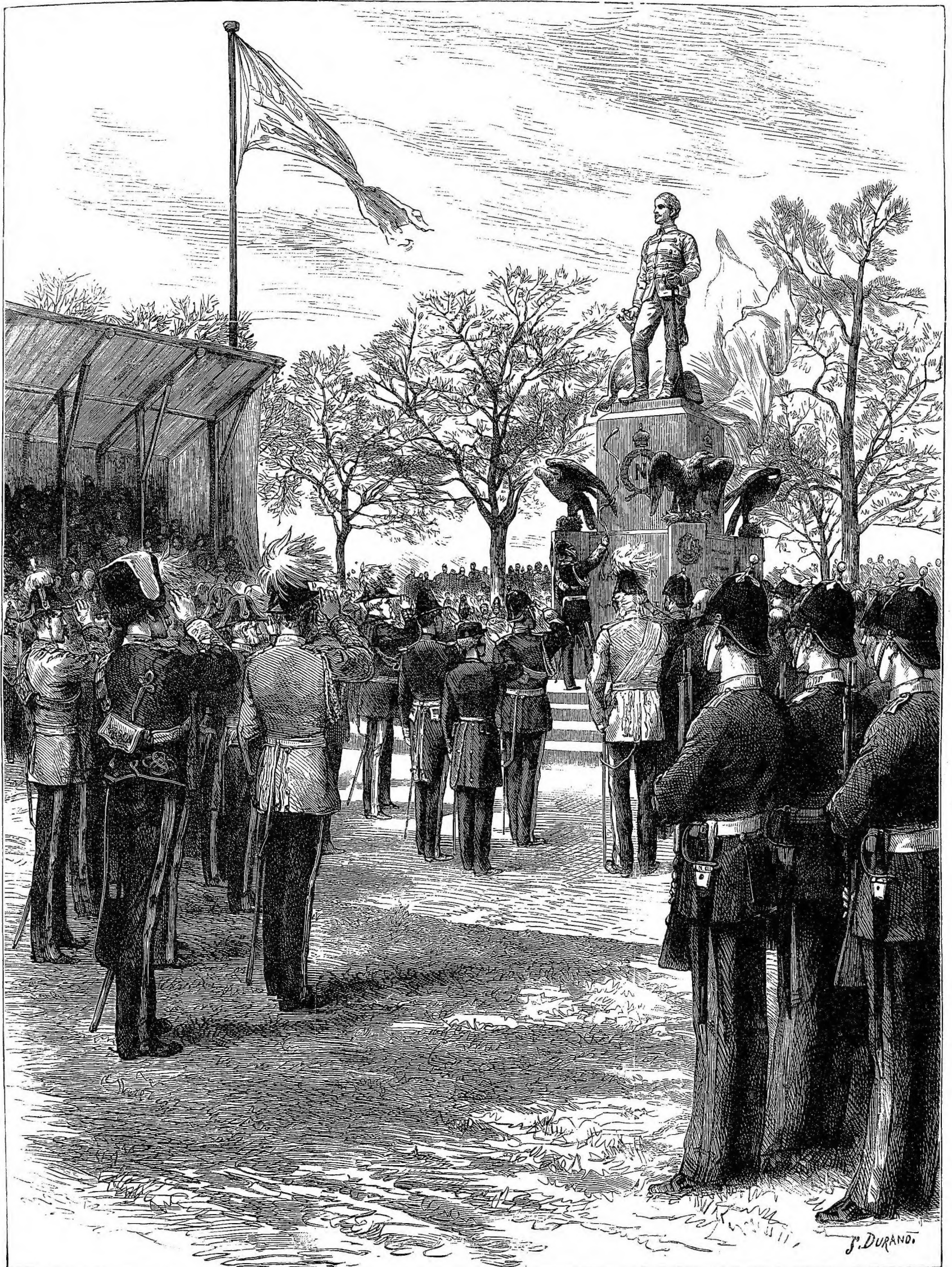
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883

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## Topics of the Week

**ENGLAND AND EGYPT.**—At last Europe has before it the proposals of the English Government for the reorganisation of Egypt. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have not been in a hurry to arrive at a decision; but when we remember how many complicated questions they have had to consider, it cannot be said that the delay has been longer than might have been reasonably anticipated. They must be gratified by the manner in which their scheme has been received by their countrymen, and by all foreign nations with the exception of France. In almost all its details it is a well-considered plan; and there is but one serious objection that can be offered to it by Englishmen, viz., that there is something unpleasant in the pretence of deference to the wishes of the Egyptian Government, when all the world knows that the Egyptian Government are not allowed to wish for anything that is not approved of in Downing Street. The proposal with regard to the Suez Canal has the merit of guaranteeing our own interests, while it does nothing to deprive other nations of rights which they have hitherto possessed. From the English point of view, the Dual Control died a natural death after the war; but it was necessary that the Egyptian Government should still have a European adviser regarding matters of finance; and the only doubt is whether England should not have openly said that he must be an Englishman, since an Englishman will, of course, be appointed. That European residents shall not henceforth be exempt from taxation is obviously fair; and the Egyptians had a right to expect that preparations would be made for abolishing the present confused and uncertain methods of administering justice. Lord Dufferin is understood to have offered definite suggestions for the establishment of representative institutions; and although a Parliament in any form can scarcely be expected to work with perfect smoothness in so backward a country, it will at any rate secure that the grievances of all classes will receive some consideration. About the question of the removal of British troops Lord Granville speaks cautiously; but there is not much fear of harm being done if the Government are resolved, as they appear to be, to maintain their hold on Egypt until they have established a system which will prevent the possibility of the renewal of recent troubles.

**IRISH AFFAIRS.**—It is not very pleasant for an Englishman—especially if he believes in the conventional Liberal shibboleths—to read Mr. O'Donnell's long indictment in Tuesday's *Times*. There can be little doubt that under the Prevention of Crimes Act many high-handed things, and probably some oppressive and tyrannical things, are done by official persons in Ireland. But even admitting that everything which Mr. O'Donnell cites is true and unexaggerated, how trivial these grievances appear by the side of the horrible outrages committed on every class, from peer to peasant, of which they are the result! A long catalogue of undiscovered and unpunished murders and other atrocities compelled a reluctant Whig-Radical Government to pass the Crimes Act, and hence the incidents of which Mr. O'Donnell complains. Of course, some of the ordinary liberties of British citizens are temporarily suspended in Ireland, else the Crimes Act would be a farce; in fact, it may be stated plainly that Ireland, in Continental parlance, is in "a state of siege," but no persons, unless they choose to meddle with revolution, need suffer the slightest inconvenience thereby. Now, it will be observed that all the victims of "Castle" tyranny, whom Mr. O'Donnell holds up to our compassion, have chosen to set themselves in opposition to the powers that be. At such a time as this in Ireland, those who play at bowls should not cry out if they get rubbers. Altogether, there seems to be little or no real improvement in Irish affairs. Even if the prosecution of these alleged plotters in Dublin should turn out to be as abortive as some other political prosecutions, it will not prove that there is no Murder-League in existence; it may only show that the Government officials have failed to secure the clue. Nor can there be much doubt that among a large number of the Irish people, especially those who have little or nothing to lose, there is an increasing impatience of the British connexion. The constant perusal of incendiary Irish-American papers has helped to intensify this sentiment, which forty years ago, although distress was then far more widely-spread, was almost unknown. There are only two remedies of any probable efficacy for the woes of Ireland, and these are either self-government or a systematic scheme of emigration. But are the Irish fit for self-government? Look how they fought the other day at Oldham, like a set of Kilkenny cats, over Mr. Davitt's body. And would not these racy scenes be reproduced on College Green? Besides, Ulster would never endure the supremacy of Celtic Papists. She would conquer or perish. So we are reduced to emigration as the only possible panacea.

**THE SORROWS OF AUTHORS.**—What vexes authors most is not criticism, nor neglect; but the persistent fondness of the public. So the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" informs us in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He supposes a conference of authors for mutual protection. Rules are drawn up to guard the peace and privacy of those persecuted

men. They are to be exempt from dining out, unless they choose to go. "The fact of noted authorship should be considered equivalent to a perpetual previous engagement." Many noted authors probably do not find the two conditions identical. "An author is not bound to read any book sent him by a stranger." We should think not, indeed. Very few authors are quite so excessively weak-minded as to read any books by their contemporaries. The successful poets, especially, could not possibly keep up with the disinterested offerings of the myriad poets who are not successful. What a wise author does is this. He sets all presentation copies of books sidewise against the inner walls of his bookcase, where they absorb any damp that may be present, and protect the real books, the old editions, the good bindings, the favourites, and friends. American strangers actually ask authors for their photographs! They collect autographs, it appears, wherewith to adorn bedquilts, of all things. America is a very literary country. We have not yet won our way to autographic bedquilts.

**PRINCE NAPOLEON.**—Probably the first impression of most Englishmen was that the French Government had committed a mistake in arresting Prince Napoléon. If it had been possible for him to pose as an interesting martyr, there might have been something to say for this view; but fortunately for the French Republic nothing could make Prince Napoléon popular. He is disliked even by the Bonapartists, and the nation as a whole has always distrusted him. Powerless as he may be, no Republican Government which respected itself could have overlooked his offence; and if he is compelled to retire from France, there are few persons who will think the penalty excessive. It is surprising that so clever a man should have persuaded himself that he had the slightest chance, in the present circumstances of France, of reviving the Imperial cause. Some of his criticisms on Republican policy are perfectly just; but Frenchmen have not so completely lost their old sense of humour as to take seriously his solemn defence of religion; and it must have occurred to them that one who claims to be the lawful successor of Napoléon III. is not exactly the proper person to rail against military disorganisation. It cannot be confidently said that Imperialism is dead in France; but we may be tolerably sure that as long as France is at peace with the rest of the world the Bonapartists can have no means of exciting popular enthusiasm; and even in a time of peril and humiliation they could hardly be successful with such a representative as Prince Napoléon. France has probably more real reason to dread the Legitimists, who, if the Comte de Chambord no longer stood in the way, might know how to effect a compromise with modern ideas. It is to be regretted, however, that the Chamber allowed itself to be impressed even for a moment (if it really was impressed) by the proposal to expel from France—and not from France only, but from Algeria and the French colonies—the descendants of all French dynasties. The Orleanist princes have never troubled the Republican authorities, and their expulsion would cause a vast amount of persistent and perhaps dangerous irritation.

**HOSPITAL FINANCE.**—The flow of voluntary contributions into the treasuries of the large general hospitals has of late seriously diminished, and four of these institutions have in consequence been compelled to meet immediate emergencies by dipping into their invested property. A continuance of such a state of things for several years in succession would manifestly cripple their usefulness, and render them ere long practically bankrupt. It has been suggested that the establishment of Hospital Saturday and Sunday has really tended rather to injure than to benefit these institutions. The old annual subscribers of a guinea and upwards are gradually removed by death, and those who ought to be their natural successors satisfy their consciences by placing a much smaller sum in the church or street collecting-boxes on the anniversaries above mentioned. There may be something in this view, but Mr. Burdett, who is an authority on such matters, suggests a different explanation. He says that while the large general hospitals have suffered from a decline in their incomes, those of the small special hospitals have increased, because they are vigorously financed. He also recommends the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the management and financial arrangements of all the hospitals. These suggestions are well worthy of consideration. In these days, when the public are overwhelmed by innumerable charity appeals, the great hospitals are apt, unless their claims are persistently and systematically brought forward, to be left in the background; and, moreover, an idea prevails, which is probably erroneous, that they are so well endowed as to be independent of the aid of that important donor whom an intelligent foreigner believed to be a generous individual, namely, "Voluntary Contributions."

**"COWARDLY BLACKGUARDS."**—These be anything but brave words, and we regret that any politician should find it desirable to apply them to his opponents. When that politician is an Irishman, that Irishman Mr. Davitt, and those opponents Irishmen too, regret is mingled with surprise. For if the Irish patriots have one quality more excellent and noted than another, we presumed it was the quality of sweetness, and, next to sweetness, came union. Well, Mr. Davitt's language does lack urbanity, and the thinkers to whom he applied it also erred in a very un-Irish way. They disturbed a meeting of Mr. Davitt's friends in Oldham by physical

force:—"They broke the lovely windies, Hung with muslin from the Indies, A pursuing of their shindies," at Oldham. Chairs were used as missiles. The reporters made a strategic movement to the rear. Mr. Davitt himself showed (as it cannot be denied that he always does) plenty of courage. He charged about and vituperated the serried ranks of the foemen. As far as we can make out there is some obscure difference of opinion among gentlemen who are all agreed in enmity to our country. Mr. Davitt (unless we miss the point) is a "Land-Leaguer." The other patriots are "Nationalists." Finally the police, the wicked English police, came in, and secured peace and quiet for Mr. Davitt. Must it always be thus? Must England's "cruel blue" always be required to promote tranquillity among Irishmen?

**FREE ART SCHOOLS.**—In another part of our columns will be found a letter from the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, stating their intention of opening *Free Schools* for instructing in the art of Water-Colour Painting such students as show marked proficiency. They will "endeavour to do for the student in water colour that which has been done so well for the student in oil by the Royal Academy." In addition, instruction will be given in black-and-white drawing on wood for the purposes of illustration. Bravo Institute! This is, indeed, a great step, and should lead to good results. Speaking for ourselves, as specially interested in the matter of black-and-white, we cannot but hope this encouragement will be of the highest benefit, and deserving the hearty support of every lover of Art in the country. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the illustrator as an educational power; and it has been felt keenly by patriotic folk that the modern Renaissance comes from a quarter least expected—America. The Institute ranks among its members, without doubt, our finest Water-Colour Painters, also the most accomplished illustrators of the day; and much may be expected from students trained by such men as John Tenniel, Charles Green, J. D. Linton, E. J. Gregory, A. Gow, A.R.A., G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., William Small, and H. Herkomer, A.R.A. When we consider that these and many others of equal power will give freely their valuable time, we feel confident that those interested in the progress of Art (and who is not nowadays?) will come forward, and by the aid of prizes show their appreciation of this spirited policy.

**ENGLAND AND FRANCE.**—It is impossible not to regret the hostile tone in which French journalists are writing about this country. Almost all of them appear to be of opinion that France has been outwitted by England; and, unfortunately, this is the view taken by the French Government, although, of course, in his statement to the Chamber, M. Duclerc had to express his conviction in decorous phrases. Now, it must be admitted that, in one respect, the French have a just cause of complaint against us. Before the outbreak of the war Mr. Gladstone did undoubtedly convey the impression that England wished to gain nothing for herself in Egypt; and, although France was warned at the time by many English politicians not to be misled by the Prime Minister's philanthropic reassurances, it was inevitable that she should attribute great importance to his ostentatious expressions of a mild and self-denying spirit. Apart from this, it is difficult to understand the anger of Frenchmen; and our difficulty is shared by all other nations. It cannot, indeed, be pretended that England was vexed and disappointed when France determined to take no part in the suppression of the rebellion. On the contrary, England was relieved and gratified by her decision. Still, it seems tolerably clear that the abstention of France altered all the conditions of the problem. She could not justly expect that we would undertake a costly and difficult enterprise, and then ask her to be good enough to profit by the result of our labours. If there had been no elements of peril in the Dual Control, it would have been re-established; but all impartial observers are of opinion that it would simply have led to new complications—complications with which, perhaps, it would have been impossible for England to deal successfully. If the system which is now being organised protects the solid interests of France, we cannot think that her present ill-humour will last very long. Good sense must, in the end, remind Frenchmen that it is neither prudent nor dignified to protest violently against a situation which is the logical and necessary result of their own policy.

**SALVATIONISTS AND SKELETONS.**—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and the Salvation Army, which has undoubtedly suffered persecution, is prospering and spreading, so "General" Booth informs us. We admit that we have no great liking for the Salvation Army and its ways. Even if the good which it has done proves to be permanent, it has been done at the expense of a vast amount of ill-feeling. And it is worth noting that in all former religious persecutions, the persecution has been encouraged, if not begun, by persons of religious but opposing views. It was not the roughs of Jerusalem, but the respectable Pharisees who brought Christ to the Cross. It was the "good" Roman Emperors who vehemently persecuted the Christians. The mobs which ill-used the Methodists a hundred years ago were hounded on by the clergy. But the peculiarity of the Salvationists' position is that they are petted, or at least politely treated, by the clergy and by religious people, but are pelted by the mob. Is this because



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they preach a more uncompromising gospel than other teachers; or is it not rather because of their Merry-Andrewism? At the same time no condemnation is too strong for the cowardly scoundrels who pelt men and women knowing that they will not retaliate. This word "retaliate" brings us to a nice bit of casuistry. Why should not the Salvationists his hand, and were to use it on the skulls of the "Skeletons" if they ventured to interfere, these bullies and blackguards would speedily vanish. But this would be very wrong, quite contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, which bids us resist not evil. True, "General" Booth, but if retaliation be wrong, it is wrong whether it is done personally, or by proxy. Either protect yourselves (a course we strongly recommend), or decline to be protected by the police.

**FREE EDUCATION.**—Mr. Chamberlain shocked a good many persons the other day by expressing surprise that English workmen do not agitate for the abolition of fees in schools established by the State. His proposal has been condemned as Socialistic; and, no doubt, it has a distinctly Socialistic tendency. After all, however, we do not prove that a scheme is unreasonable when we show that it would commend itself to Socialists. The Workhouse is a thoroughly Socialistic institution, and on this ground it received the approval of Mdlle. Michel, who was astonished to find that, unlike France, Conservative England recognised the right of every citizen to be protected from starvation. Yet we are not aware that anybody wishes to abolish the Workhouse. If we decide that every citizen shall be educated up to a certain point, and if we inflict penalties on parents who do not send their children to the schools provided for them, a good case might be made out in support of the position that the amount of education which is considered necessary for all men and women should be imparted at the cost of the community. That would at any rate make it impossible for parents to pretend that the compulsory law was unfair, and in every instance the State might enforce its powers with a good conscience. As a matter of fact, the system has been introduced into America and many other countries; and it has never been found to work badly. At present, however, it would certainly not be expedient to follow this example in England—for the simple reason that our working classes make no complaint about the payment of fees. As long as they are willing to incur so considerable an expense, it would be foolish and very un-English to thrust a favour upon them in deference to an abstract theory of their rights.

**FIRE RISKS.**—Disasters by fire have of late occurred with such frequency as to make timid people shy of quitting their homes either for hotels or for places of public entertainment. A man in his own house—provided he has access to all the rooms—can by vigilance minimise the likelihood of fire; but in a hotel or a lodging-house you are at the mercy of your neighbours. However careful you may be, the occupant of the apartment underneath may be dropping asleep over a novel with a lighted cigar in his mouth. In the theatre the risks arising from the inevitable presence of a quantity of combustible material are often aggravated by mimic conflagrations on the stage; while the chances of getting out in case of panic are sorely diminished by the greed of the proprietors, who block up the gangways with chairs. And, as regards private dwellings, could not such an authority as Captain Shaw devise a plan for rendering the inmates less dependent for safety on the fire-escape; which sometimes, as in that lamentable case in Bishopsgate, comes too late to be of service? Landlords of house property have many privileges in this property-respecting country. Why should they not, in exchange, be compelled to make a practicable exit from the top of every house? The present trap-doors are an utter delusion—unopenable when you are in a hurry, yet not always impervious to the industrious tradesman who goes about with jemmies, crowbars, and silent matches during the "small hours."

**A CLEVER ESCAPE.**—There is something very fascinating in the escapes of prisoners. However bad a man may be, when once he has the whole weight of the world against him, and walls and bars and armed men between him and freedom, most of us, till he is caught again, feel a sentiment in favour of the rogue. It is natural, though foolish, to take the weaker side, right or wrong, the side of the Turks, of the French, of the Jacobites; of James Neasham, forty-two years of age, who has just made his way out of Portsea Prison. Neasham had no collaborators, bribed no one; he had none of the chances of Marshal Bazaine, or of Lord Nithsdale, whose gaoler, surely, must have been "squared," or of Louis Napoleon, when he walked out of Ham, with a plank on his shoulder. Alone James Neasham did it. He was "in" for a burglary, and proved as clever at his forlorn exits as at his larcenous entries. He made a hole in the ceiling of his cell (what ingenuity was required to mount so high!), he got on the roof of the prison, and slid down a spout. We applaud Jean Valjean when he does the like, but probably Neasham is only a burglar, and not also, like Hugo's hero, a saint in disguise. Without shoes, stockings, or any dress to speak of, Neasham went forth into the night, ran away for more than a mile from a policeman, and for some few hours maintained his freedom. But liberty did not last long, and although he had committed a robbery in order to provide himself with clothes, he was soon captured and reincarcerated. What pluck, ingenuity, and resolution was wasted in Neasham!

**NOTICE.**—With this Number are presented TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS: one entitled "WASHED ASHORE," from the Picture by C. S. Reinhart; the other, a Portrait of PRINCE NAPOLEON.



**LYCEUM.**—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. BENEDICT, MR. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and Saturdays, Jan. 27, Feb. 3, and Feb. 10, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

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**BLUFF KING HALL,** and the FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Sanger's Grand Pantomime Circus and Menagerie. Two Performances Daily at Two and Seven. Holders of Overflow Tickets will be admitted to either the Afternoon or Evening Performance. Children under Ten half price (gallery excepted). Sole Proprietors, John and George Sanger.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** Newly Decorated and Improved. The Sparkling and Delightful Entertainment of the **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS** EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE AND EIGHT. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees. Tickets, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHAM PLACE. (Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY.) A STRANGE HOST. Followed by a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled "EN ROUTE." Concluding with a New After-piece, entitled THAT DREADFUL BOY. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

**DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.**

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**JUST PUBLISHED AND NOW ON VIEW.**

**POMONA,** Painted by MILLAIS, Engraved by S. COUSINS.

**VIOLA,** Painted by Sir F. LEIGHTON.

A few Artists' Proofs only left.

SAVOY HOUSE, 215, STRAND, LONDON.

**"AFTER THE BANQUET, GUILDHALL, ON NOV. 10,"** AND "THEY GATHERED UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAINED." The picture under the above title, painted by Mons. A. Marie, formed one of the attractions at the Paris Salon, and is now being exhibited by Messrs. GLADWELL at the CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street. It represents one of those pleasing incidents in Civil Life that occurs annually on November 10, when it is the custom to distribute the remains of the feast to the deserving poor. This picture is by far the most beautiful in the WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS, which will be CLOSED on January 31st. Admission One Shilling, including catalogue. Messrs. GLADWELL BROS. have included in their Exhibition several new and important works—"Mont Saint Michel," the finest of Mr. Haig's many fine works; "The King Drinks," by Briton Riviere, R.A., from his Royal Academy Diploma Picture; "Viola," "Pomona," and "Keigate Common and Mill," by John Linnell; and many other fine works.

**WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION, 53, Pall Mall, containing 350 Works by well-known Artists in Water-Colours. Three great works by John Martin, K.L., and Fifty others in Oil. Now open. Admission 1s. ROBERT HOPKINS, Manager.**

**SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.** WORKS RECEIVED for the 1883 EXHIBITION, 5th and 6th February. GALLERY, 48, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET. Prospectus by Letter.

**THE BRIGHTON SEASON.** Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.** VIA NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service, Weekdays and Sundays, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS** is NOW OPEN at the FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND STREET.

The recent EXHIBITION of "TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY" by the leading BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS at THE GRAPHIC GALLERY was attended with such success that another Pictorial Collection has been organised, namely—

**AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS** BY THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANIMAL PAINTERS.

Each Artist has chosen his own subject, and has told his story in as simple and as characteristic a manner as possible. The names of the following well-known Artists are among the Contributors:—  
BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.  
A. DE NEUVILLE.  
R. CALDECOTT.  
PAUL MEYERHEIM.  
BURTON BARBER.  
MADAME RONNER.  
CHARLES GREEN.  
H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.  
J. McWHIRTER, A.R.A.  
MRS. BUTLER.  
R. W. MACBETH.  
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**MEMORIAL AT WOOLWICH TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL**

ON Saturday last, the 13th inst., the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge and their suites, paid a visit to Woolwich for the purpose of unveiling a statue of the late Prince Imperial of France, which has been placed in the grounds of the Royal Military Academy. A number of distinguished naval and military men were also present.

As the late Prince met his death in the field while out with our troops in South Africa, it was suggested that a general army subscription should be raised for the purpose of erecting a memorial. It was decided that this memorial should take the form of a statue. 4,310*l.* was collected, and the fund was subscribed by more than 25,000 of all ranks and from every branch of Her Majesty's sea and land forces, the pence of the men forming no small part of the whole.

These facts were stated upon arriving at the ground by the Duke of Cambridge, who represented the Memorial Committee. Then the Prince of Wales stepped on to the dais, and pulling the line, unveiled the statue amid general cheering. In the course of an appropriate speech His Royal Highness remarked that there could not be a fitter spot for the Prince's statue than opposite the Academy where he had passed two years, where he had grounded himself in military knowledge, and shown extraordinary ability, especially in his mastery of the English language. "His virtues, his blameless life, his courage, his obedience to orders, will, I am sure, prove a bright example to many young men entering this Academy. When the cadets look upon this statue, they will see before them the features of a young and brave Prince who died with his face to the foe, and will wish to emulate his bright example."

The Memorial (which is the work of Admiral Count Gleichen) stands at the further end of the lawn and cricket-ground. It consists of a base of Portland stone, on which is placed a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, with projecting angles, which support the French Imperial eagle. The panels bear appropriate inscriptions. The statue represents the Prince standing bareheaded in an easy attitude, with the right foot advanced. In his right hand are a pair of field-glasses, his left hand rests on his sheathed sabre. He wears the service patrol jacket and high riding boots with spurs, and close by his left foot is placed his helmet. The likeness is considered to be admirable.

**THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY AT PORTRUSH**

THIS railway or tramway (whichever we please to call it) runs from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway. Being upwards of six miles long, it is the biggest thing of the kind yet in existence. The electric tramway of the Messrs. Siemens at Berlin is only a mile and a half long, that of Mr. Edison, in Menlo Park, New Jersey, is three and a half miles long.

The Portrush tramway has been built by a company of shareholders, who raised 45,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares. Being worked by electricity there is no need either for the heavy railway capable of bearing the weight of a steam engine, or for the granite-paved track required for horse draught. The tramway is laid at the side of the ordinary road, and occupies for its double line a space of six feet in width, the gauge being only three feet. Other traffic is shut out by a granite curbstone.

The steel rails are laid level with a gravelled surface, and parallel to them extends a third iron rail, which is used to conduct the current from the dynamo machine to the cars, contact being effected by means of an electric brush. The whole of the electricity required is supplied from the central station at Portrush. Turbines placed on the River Bush are to generate the electricity, but should they fail, steam will be employed. The promoters are sanguine that it will be a commercial success.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. H. Horton, of Millburn, Coleraine, who furnishes the following description of his sketches:—

"The rocky hill in the rear of the harbour at Portrush is called Rathmore Hill, and is a good deal larger than it looks. An attractive feature of Portrush is its vast sand beach, which extends for five miles on either side of the town, and is in many places 200 yards broad. Portrush abounds with sandhills, some of which are covered with beautiful mosses and rare specimens of plants.

"Dunluce Castle was destroyed in the reign of Elizabeth. The site much resembles that of Dunnottar, in Scotland. The ruins occupy more than an acre of ground, being the level top of a high rock advanced into the sea, by which it is surrounded on three sides, and divided from the mainland by a deep chasm. The walls of the castle are in some places more than fifteen feet thick.

"The Tramway Station is a substantial structure, built for the most part of a species of black stone found in the neighbourhood.

"The cars were built in Birmingham. They are about twenty feet long and six feet broad. They are handsomely fitted up.

"The Giant's Causeway is described by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Diary' as 'A platform composed of basaltic pillars, projecting into the sea like the pier of a harbour.' A few yards beyond the Causeway is a bay called Spanish Bay, from one of the Spanish Armada having been wrecked there. The 'Stookans' are the cliffs in the distance."

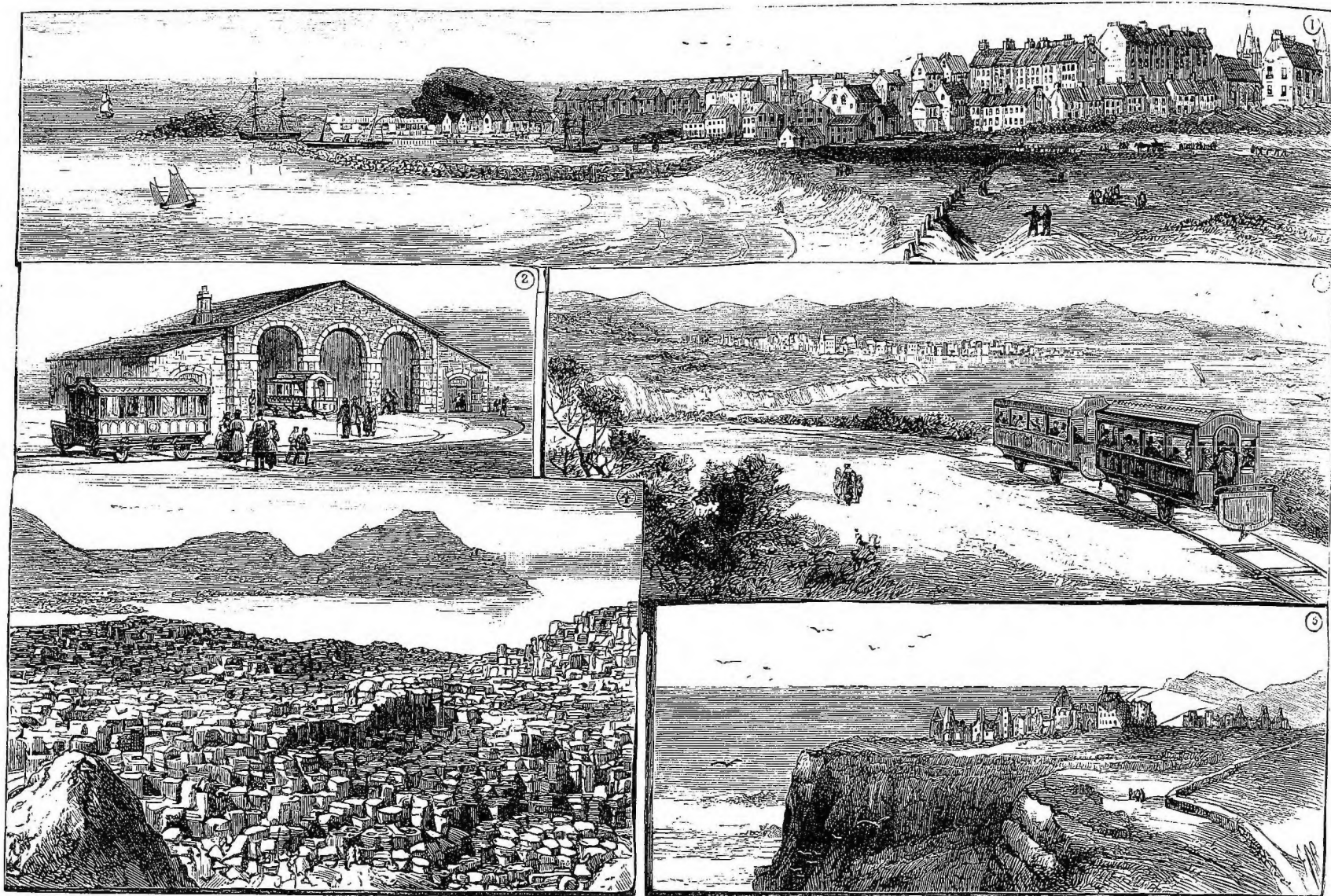
**SKETCHES AT MAJUNGA BAY, MADAGASCAR**

"We anchored," says the correspondent to whom we are indebted for these sketches, "in a pretty bay, with the native town at the foot of a hill, and the Governor's Palace at top, approached by a steep street of native houses. The houses are clean and well-built, and the people good-tempered and cheerful. On landing from the boat we found a guard of honour drawn up to receive us. It consisted of about twenty men, dressed in nondescript varieties of uniforms. Most of them carried a spear in one hand and a gun in the other. The captain of the guard wore a broad-brimmed Panama-grass hat, an old black frock coat, and white trousers. He carried a drawn sword in his hand. Another person wore a battered chimney-pot hat at the back of his head, and a pair of black trousers, ornamented with a broad stripe of yellow braid.

"The Palace was a low plaster house, fronted by a courtyard, which was surrounded by a high wall. In the open space the Governor and his Staff were drawn up in a row. The Governor, an old wrinkled man, wore a French diplomatic uniform, furnished with English naval epaulettes, black trousers, and an old pair of kid boots. On his head was a cocked hat, trimmed with bunches of feathers of every kind and colour. In his right hand he carried his sword.

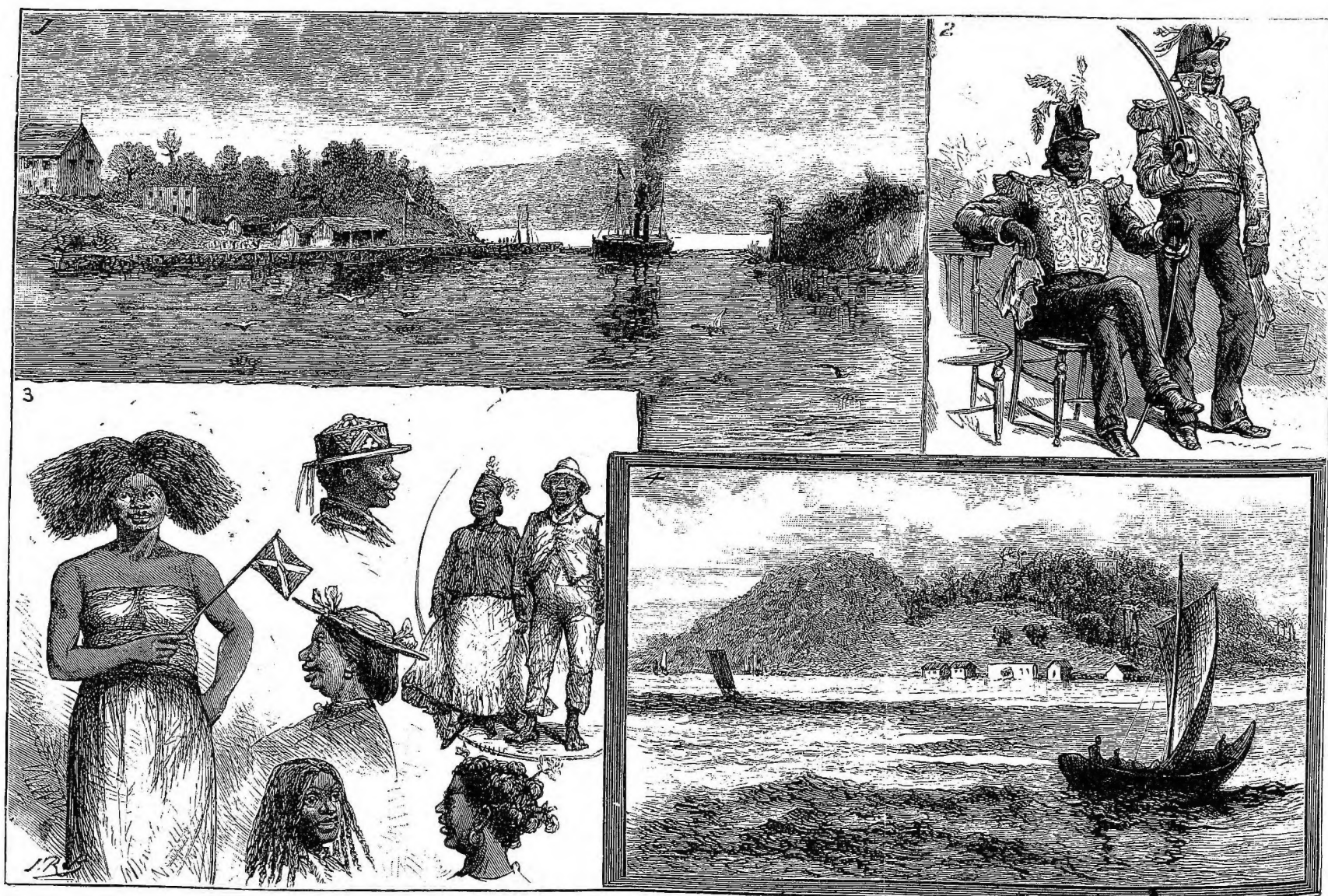
"After some formalities had been concluded, we went indoors to dinner, which consisted of curries and various other dishes. After this a ball was given in our honour in the courtyard. The ladies sat in a circle on the ground, dressed in voluminous bright-coloured skirts and jackets. The gentlemen stood near them; one of the dances was a Madagascar version of Sir Roger de Coverley, of which they were very proud."





1. Portrush, from the Tramway Station.—2. Tramway Station and Terminus.—3. The Tramway Cars and Portrush from the White Rocks.—4. General View of the Giant's Causeway and the Stookans.—5. The Ruins of Dunluce Castle.

THE NEW ELECTRIC TRAMWAY BETWEEN PORTRUSH AND BUSHMILLS, ULSTER, IRELAND

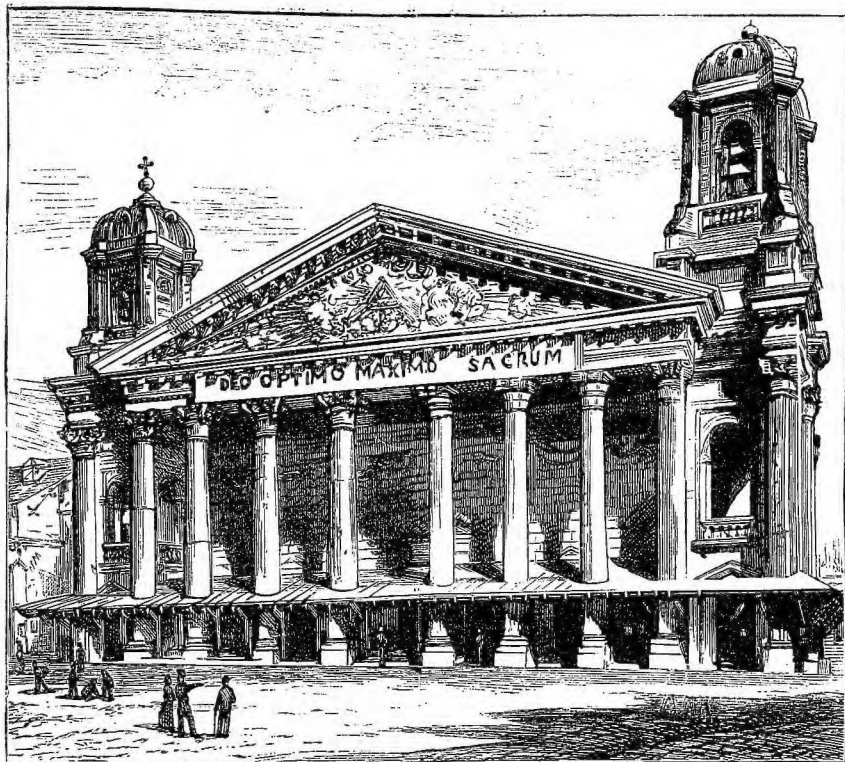


1. Nossi Bay, the French Settlement.—2. The Governor of Majunga and one of His Staff.—3. Some Native Types.—4. Majunga Bay.  
THE MADAGASCAR DIFFICULTY—SKETCHES AT MAJUNGA BAY





THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA—ORANGE STREET AFTER THE FIRE



THE CHURCH OF ST. ELOI, DUNKERQUE, FRANCE  
Now Being Pulled Down



Fort de l'Ecluse

The Rhone

Mount Credo

THE GREAT LANDSLIP IN THE RHONE VALLEY, NEAR BELLEGARDE



## THE GREAT FIRE AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA

See page 61.

## THE CHURCH OF ST. ELOI, DUNKERQUE

LAST week we had to call the attention of our readers to the proposed destruction of the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral, and now we have to record the destruction of another, though less interesting, ancient building, which, like the Peterborough Tower, is to be pulled down to prevent its falling. The structure to which we allude is the Church of St. Eloi, Dunkerque. The church of St. Eloi is a very Late Gothic building of mixed styles, dating from the years 1660-1662. It was formerly attached to the great tower now standing isolated in the middle of the Square, but in the year 1782 the arcade or narthex which connected the two was destroyed, the cemetery done away with, the vaults, which were between the church and the tower, closed, and 818 corpses removed! At the same date the new portico or frontispiece of the church was commenced, and this imposing work was completed in 1787 at the cost of 800,000 francs. It is about 90 feet high and 150 feet long, but the stone of which it is constructed is of such a perishable nature that some years back it was found to be necessary to erect a penthouse of wood between the columns to protect the public from the pieces of stones which were perpetually falling from the entablature of the portico. We regret that the destruction of this portico should be deemed necessary, though it possesses no very high artistic merit, and is remarkable for little else beyond its unusual dimensions.

It may not be out of the way here to call the attention of our readers to an excellent institution called the "Seamen's Institute at Dunkerque," where a home is provided for our British Tars who find themselves at Dunkerque. Any subscriptions towards this most desirable object may be sent to Mr. Edward Taylor, British Vice-Consul, or the Rev. A. Rust, British Chaplain at Dunkerque. We have read the prospectus of this institution, and it seems to offer our Tars an opportunity of steering clear of those "rocks" ashore which are such a danger to "Jack" in most seaport towns.

## THE LANDSLIP IN SWITZERLAND

THE most terrible accounts of floods and of their inevitable attendant landslips come from Central Europe. Switzerland in particular has suffered, and one of the most noteworthy earthslips took place close to the French frontier between the station of Collonges and the Credo tunnel, on the line between Geneva and Lyons. An old railway watchman, the *Times* correspondent writes, was suddenly awakened on the 2nd inst. by a loud noise, and suspecting something wrong, placed detonators on the line and stopped the Geneva express, which otherwise would have rushed headlong to destruction, as an earthslip had carried 200 metres of the permanent way bodily into the Rhone. The Rhone at that point runs through a narrow rocky gorge, bounded on one side by a lofty spur of the Jura, whereon stands the picturesque Fort de l'Ecluse, and on the other by the precipice of Mont Vuache, along a ledge of which runs the railway from Bellegarde to Evian. The line from Geneva before entering the great Credo tunnel passes through a short one immediately below the Fort. On Wednesday week morning a great mass of earth fell from the mountain directly above the smaller tunnel, and completely blocked the course of the Rhone. At noon the tunnel itself fell in with a report that was heard for miles. The water accumulated behind the barrier with frightful rapidity, and if it had gone on gathering, even for a day or two, the consequences would have been frightful—the valley of the Rhone as far as Lyons would have been swept as by an avalanche. As it was, the dam burst a few hours after the second landslip, and no great harm was done. On Sunday an unsuccessful attempt was made to blast away the landslip, in order to make room for a temporary viaduct, no less than 1,000 kilogrammes of powder, and 100 of dynamite being used.—Our engraving is from a photograph by M. Demay, of Aix-les-Bains.

## THE LATE SIR JOSEPH NAPIER

SIR JOSEPH NAPIER, who was descended from the Merchiston branch of that family, was born at Belfast December 26, 1804, and educated at Belfast and Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1831, and made a Q.C. in 1844. He was elected member for the University of Dublin in 1843, and continued to represent the University until his appointment as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was made Attorney-General for Ireland in 1852, and Lord Chancellor in 1858. He was created a Baronet in 1867, and in 1868 was sworn a Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England. He was also an active member of the Ritual and Clerical Subscription Commissioners. He died December 9th at St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

## GENERAL CHANZY

THE death from apoplexy, on the 4th inst., of General Chanzy, coming so suddenly upon that of M. Gambetta, has been felt to be a great blow to the Republican party in France; for not only was he a good soldier and a clever tactician, but he was essentially the General of the Third Republic. Antoine Eugène Alfred Chanzy was born at Nouast, in the Ardennes, on March 18th, 1823, and his early life, like that of most well-known French Generals, was spent in campaigning in Algeria, Italy, and Syria. He was created Brigade General in 1868. When war broke out between France and Prussia, he at once solicited a command, but, for some reason or other, he was completely ignored by Marshal Lebœuf. On the declaration of the Republic, however, the Fourth of September Government nominated him a General of Division, and gave him the command of the 66th Corps, then forming part of the Army of the Loire. In the following December M. Gambetta, who early appreciated his talents, appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army of the Loire, and wrote to the Paris Government, declaring that he was the "true military leader whom events have brought forth." For two months General Chanzy, with his hastily-improvised forces, struggled bravely against the armies of General Von der Thann, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and Prince Frederick Charles; and though unsuccessful, he won the admiration of the enemy for his energy, heroism, and military skill. Elected to the Bordeaux Assembly after the Armistice, he spoke earnestly in favour of continuing the struggle, and vainly opposed the peace propositions. From that time he became a prominent political figure, and was chosen President of the Left Centre in the National Assembly. In 1873 he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria, and in 1875, on his return to France, was elected a Life Senator; while, on the fall of the MacMahonite, he obtained ninety-nine votes for the Presidency. M. Grévy sent him as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, but, on the advent of M. Gambetta to the Premiership, he resigned, and was appointed to the command of the 6th Army Corps. General Chanzy was not merely popular with the Republican party, but was adored by his soldiery. He had been designated by M. Grévy as Generalissimo of the French Army in the event of an European War, and, with the exception of M. Gambetta, no death could have excited such universal regret in France.—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Maunoury, 41, Rue des Lices, Angers, France.

## CAPTAIN HENRY LUDLOW LOPES

CAPTAIN HENRY LUDLOW LOPES, who died at Cairo on Sunday, the 10th of December, was the son of Mr. R. Ludlow Lopes, of Sandridge Park, Melksham, Chairman of the Wilts Quarter Sessions.

He was a nephew of Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., and of Mr. Justice Lopes. He was born on the 16th of March, 1854, was educated at Marlborough College, and having with great distinction attained his commission, was gazetted in 1874 a sub-Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (late 74th Highlanders), with which he served at Malta, Hong Kong, Hamilton, and Aldershot. On the breaking-out of hostilities in Egypt he proceeded with his regiment to join the forces in that country, and was gazetted a captain on the 7th of September. Captain Lopes took an active part throughout the whole of the campaign, and at its termination, as he was on the point of proceeding to the *depôt* at Hamilton, he was seized with typhoid fever, to which disease, after lying for three weeks in Lady Strangford's hospital at Cairo, he eventually succumbed. His remains were conveyed to this country in the *Lusitania*, and the funeral took place at Melksham on December 29th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Stuart, 120, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

## THE FLOODS IN HUNGARY

BOTH Austria and Hungary have suffered severely during the recent inundations, and the flourishing West Hungarian town of Raab, situated near the junction of the tributary streams, Raab and Rabowitz, with the Danube, has been nearly destroyed by the rise of waters. For some days the floods were kept back by the ice, but this giving way on the night of the 8th inst., they assumed the proportions of a deluge, and completely engulfed a portion of the town and the surrounding districts, including the *faubourg* of the New Town, Raab Island, and the villages of Patahaza and Refalu. One suburb of 500 houses was completely submerged, and two villages absolutely destroyed. Some 10,000 persons were rendered utterly homeless, of whom numbers were hopelessly ruined, while the loss of life is estimated to be considerable, the rise of the waters being so rapid that numbers of persons were unable to escape, though, the tocsin being sounded, the majority were warned in time. Fortunately, also, some parts of the town were above the floods, and by noon on the 9th the flood had attained its height. Great distress prevails there as in the other inundated districts of Hungary, and the authorities, aided by the troops, have been working hard to assist the sufferers by every means in their power.

## "WASHED ASHORE."

THE scene depicted in Mr. Reinhart's picture is one which, allowing for differences of costume, is unhappily by no means uncommon on all the shores of the narrow seas which surround our islands. These waters form the busiest maritime thoroughfares in the world, and, although well-lighted and carefully charted, are, and will almost certainly always continue to be, the scene of numerous shipping disasters.

The scene here is probably laid on the Norman coast, where there is no lack of dangerous rocks threatening destruction to the mariner. Then, besides rocks, there is the risk of collision on dark nights or during foggy weather; and there are also individual tragedies constantly occurring. This poor fellow who lies prostrate, with upturned, sightless eyes, may have been washed overboard while at the wheel, or may have fallen from the rigging, or while standing (as sailors will in their venturesome fashion) on the bulwark to dip a bucket of water. The perils of the ocean are numerous and ever-present.

## TOMB OF THE GAMBETTA FAMILY AT NICE

M. GAMBETTA's father having absolutely refused to allow his son's body to be permanently buried in Paris, the remains of the great Republican leader were conveyed on Friday night to Nice, and on Saturday were taken with great pomp to their last resting place in the Gambetta vault of the Cimetière de Château. There repose his mother and his aunt in a simple grave covered with a white marble slab, on the headstone of which is a bronze medallion portrait of Madame Massabie. It is situated at the top of the cemetery, which commands one of the finest views in the neighbourhood.

We shall next week illustrate and describe M. Gambetta's funeral at Nice.

## COXSWAIN HOOK

MR. ROBERT HOOK, of whom we give a portrait, has been Coxswain of the Lowestoft Lifeboat for thirty years, and is now in his sixty-third year. He is well-known amongst the people of Lowestoft, being one of the most stalwart of the many strongly built inhabitants of the town. During the time he has been connected with the Lifeboat Service at the above port, the brave fellow has been instrumental in saving no fewer than 200 lives from a watery grave, and has had several medals for his valuable efforts in rescuing his fellow creatures. As many are aware, the shores of the German Ocean in the locality of Yarmouth and Lowestoft are very dangerous, and every year the neighbourhood is studded more or less with black spots on the Wreck Chart. As lately as the 14th November last Hook was engaged in one of the most gallant feats that has been accomplished by any lifeboat's crew for many a day. On the morning of that day the *Bertha*, a Norwegian bark struck the Holm Sand, and although two miles from the harbour, Hook and his brave crew took off the eight hands on board in the midst of a furious sea, and went out and in again, with all safe, in about an hour and a half, amidst the applause of half the town as spectators. It is not too much to say that a braver heart and a more determined will in performing this kind of work never existed, and long will his name be remembered in his native place in connection with the faithful service he has rendered.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. W. Bevan, Lowestoft.

## CREEPING FOR MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA

THE moose is the largest existing species of the deer family. Full-grown specimens are about six feet high at the shoulder, and weigh some 1,200 pounds. They were formerly very numerous in America, and were found as far south as the Ohio River, but the persistent efforts of hunters have largely diminished their numbers. The body of the moose is covered with short angular hair, and on the neck and withers there is a heavy mane. They are very wary animals; their sense of smell is very acute, and the slightest sound excites their alarm.

Our engraving is from a sketch by Major W. Norcott, 1st Battalion Munster Fusiliers, New Brunswick. He writes thus:—"After a hard day's walk, tracking the animal for miles, what intense excitement when your Indian attendant, stooping down and halting, beckons you to his side, and, pointing, says in a low whisper, 'There!' The small sketch shows the successful issue of the stalk, 'Down!'"

## THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, HAWAII

See page 66.

## KING CETEWAYO'S RETURN

KING CETEWAYO has now returned to that portion of his kingdom to which it has pleased the British Government to restore him, but though a large number of his subjects have long been agitating for his return, considerable dissatisfaction exists among many of the chiefs and head men, who were having it all their own way in his absence, and do not relish the idea of again playing a subordinate rôle. For some time past there have been meetings of Zulu chiefs for and against the restoration. There was recently a great assembly at Inhlatyze to protest against the return of Cetewayo, and to express

confidence in the rule of John Dunn, while on the other hand one of our engravings represents a number of John Dunn's people, who formed part of a deputation of 1,600 Zulus, which urged the return of the King to his own again. Another engraving portrays the Chief Dabulamanzi, Cetewayo's brother, who took a prominent part in the Zulu War, and commanded the Zulu army at Rorke's Drift. He has since been actively stirring up agitation for Cetewayo's return, and only a few weeks since was sending round to tell the Zulus not to believe what "John Shepstone" tells them, as the whole country is to be restored to the King, and all who wish to remain with the English will be killed. Another portrait is that of N'Dabuka, Cetewayo's own brother, and Regent for young Dinzulu, the King's eldest son. This chief is also a warm supporter of the King, and has recently been fighting with Oham and other chiefs, who are bitterly opposed to Cetewayo's restoration. According to last accounts he has been busy rebuilding Cetewayo's new kraal Nondwengu. Finally we illustrate one of Cetewayo's wives and her male attendant. "This," writes Mr. G. T. Ferneynough, of the Natal Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, Pietermaritzburg, to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our illustrations were engraved, "is the only royal lady photographed."

## PRINCE NAPOLEON

JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL BONAPARTE, PRINCE NAPOLEON, the eldest surviving member of the Napoléon family, who has just startled Republican France by a manifesto denouncing the existing régime, and calling for a *plebiscite*, is the second son of Jérôme Bonaparte, the brother of Napoléon I. He was born in 1822, and after the Revolution of 1848 made his *début* in political life by entering the Constituent Assembly as Deputy for Corsica. He speedily became leader of the extreme Republican party known as the Mountain. He has always held the most staunch Democratic opinions, and when his cousin, Louis Napoléon, became Emperor, constantly embarrassed the latter by his outspokenness in expressing ultra-Liberal and strong anti-Clerical views. Napoléon III, nevertheless made him heir-presumptive to the throne before the birth of the Prince Imperial, created him a General of Division, endowed him with an income of 40,000*l.*, and gave him the Palais Royal for a residence. During the Crimean War Prince Napoléon was entrusted with an important command, but, after serving at the Battles of Alma and Inkerman, he resigned on the plea of ill-health, and on his return to Paris took part in the publication of a pamphlet commenting somewhat freely on the general conduct of the war. In 1856 he married the Princess Clotilde, the daughter of the late King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, and in the Italian campaign of the same year he commanded the French Army Reserve. He subsequently was constantly to the fore as President of various Exhibition Commissions, brought down many popular expressions of contempt by refusing a challenge from the Duc d'Aumale for having spoken disrespectfully of the Royalist family, and in 1865 fell into disgrace with the Emperor for a too Democratic speech delivered at Ajaccio. When subsequently again received into favour he was employed by the Emperor on several secret missions, and also in coquetting with the Liberal party, for true to his Democratic opinions he continually urged the Emperor to adopt a Liberal policy. In 1870, on the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, he was refused a command by Napoléon III., but was sent on a confidential mission to the King of Italy, in which, however, he failed to secure the co-operation of Italy with France. Involved in the fall of the Empire, he resided in England for a couple of years, but venturing to visit Paris in 1872 he was arrested, and expelled from France, where, however, he was subsequently permitted to return. On the death of Napoléon III. he set himself in opposition to the Prince Imperial and the Empress Eugénie, by whom he had always been cordially disliked, posing as a Democratic Bonapartist rather than as a Bonapartist militant. This split the Bonapartist party into two factions, and matters were not mended when, in 1879, the Prince Imperial by his will calmly passed over to Prince Napoléon, and bequeathed the Empire to his eldest son, Prince Victor Napoléon. This led to fierce and continual bickerings between the two sections, and for a time it appeared as though the Bonapartist cause would collapse altogether, the Imperialist-Clerical faction hailing Prince Victor as their chieftain, and stigmatising Prince Napoléon as everything that was cowardly and wicked, while the partisans of Prince Napoléon impugned the validity of the Prince Imperial's will, and denied his right to leave the succession to whom he pleased. Of late years Prince Napoléon has been comparatively tranquil, and though his journals have never ceased to advocate his cause, his manifesto of Tuesday, which we summarise in another column, has excited general surprise. He has constantly denied all intention of trying to assume the Imperial mantle of his cousin, but, notwithstanding his avowed Republican principles, one cannot help remembering that history repeats itself, and that both Napoléon I. and Napoléon III. began their Imperial career by becoming simple heads of a Republican State. Under both these men, however, the Bonapartists were undoubtedly united, whereas there is a large section of them who would as lief see M. Clémenceau ruler of France as Prince Napoléon, who has certainly achieved a political and personal unpopularity which is enjoyed by few personages even in France. We may mention that Prince Napoléon has two sons and one daughter—Napoléon Victor Jérôme Frédéric, now nearly twenty-one years of age, Napoléon Louis Joseph Jérôme, born in 1864, and Marie Léttia Eugénie Catherine Adelaide, born in 1866.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Disderi, 8, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

## "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 69.

## HUNTING IN NORTHERN WYOMING

See page 71.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA, III.

NICOMEN, on the Thomson River, is notable as the place where gold was first discovered in British Columbia by an Indian who was stooping down to quench his thirst. The piece weighed about three ounces.

The Indians build a light platform of poles, jutting out of the clefts of the rocks overhanging the river, with two or three planks to stand on (the footing is most precarious for an unskilled person). Here an Indian, clad only in shirt and pants, will stand the whole of a blazing summer's day, intently peering into the water which eddies and surges beneath. At length he plunges his long pole with oval-shaped net attached into the current, and brings up a 20 lb. salmon, which he kills, and pitches to his wife and family, who are on the watch hard by. By the aid of smoke and sun they cure the fish—some of them are excellent eating.

Next we have the Clinton Hotel, which sounds palatial, but is really a roadside shanty. The ox-team has goods *en route* for the Cariboo Gold Mines. Such a team takes a month to travel from Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, to Soda Creek, a distance of 264 miles. From Soda Creek the goods are taken first by steamboat and then on mule-back.

The Thomson River, across which this primitive-looking bridge called Spence's Bridge is built, is remarkable for the swiftness of its current, and for its rapids, which prevent navigation. Except close to its banks, moreover, there is a great scarcity of wood and water. Our last engraving represents the nine British Columbian Chiefs



who in 1867 assembled at New Westminster to celebrate the Queen's birthday. They were liberally entertained (including most of the mainland tribes) by the late Governor Seymour, who provided both food and fireworks. Canoe-racing was also one of the features of the day.—Our engravings are from sketches by Dr. Frederick Dally.



MR. GLADSTONE has gone abroad in the hope of gaining strength in the delightful climate of the South of France. The cold which troubled him last week has disappeared, but he suffers from broken rest, and, though still vigorous, looks a little worn. He left Haverdown on Tuesday morning for Downing Street, but was forbidden to appear at Sir W. Harcourt's in the evening, and early on Wednesday took train for Paris, from whence he was to go direct to Cannes. He will probably stay three weeks abroad, and return a week before the opening of the Session. Meanwhile Mrs. Gladstone has been making pretty excuses for him in Edinburgh. Mr. Gladstone, she assured the Lord Provost and the Councillors, was not really ill, but overworked. No outsider could possibly understand the strain involved in the reconstruction of the Ministry, the choice of a new Archbishop, and other matters, even after Parliament had broken up, and her husband felt the strain severely. "He is a little conscientious, is he not?" "If any characteristic," replied the courtly Provost, "distinguishes Mr. Gladstone more than another, it is his excessive conscientiousness." He has not had the time, Mrs. Gladstone went on to say, to prepare the promised Mid-Lothian speeches, and can scarcely forgive himself for the unavoidable omission. "My constituents have waited so long, it is dreadful." A drive from the Council Chamber to the Royal Infirmary, a lunch with Mr. Cowan, and a visit in the afternoon to the Countess of Rosebery at Dalmeny, concluded this interesting little side-campaign.—Mr. Childers, it is announced, has greatly benefited by his sojourn at Pisa, and Mr. Fawcett is now strong enough to write to the Hackney Liberal Association that he is making in all respects satisfactory progress at Aldeburgh. At the same time, Mrs. Fawcett warns her friends that the medical advisers urgently insist on complete rest, bodily and mental, for at least two months.—Sir Stafford Northcote continues to enjoy his cruise in the *Pandora*, though pursued even to Syracuse by a letter from a Mr. D. Morgan, of Mountain Ash, desirous apparently to learn his views on "the proposed assimilation of the borough and county franchise." The Opposition leader would only answer that "he should, of course, state his views on any such measure in the House of Commons."—Among the extra-Parliamentary speeches which are now beginning to come thick and fast, and which will culminate at the close of the present week with Lord Hartington's campaign in North-East Lancashire, there have been few of special interest. Messrs. Chamberlain and Mundella have both availed themselves of the opening of new Board Schools at Birmingham to discuss questions of elementary education—Mr. Mundella describing a palatial school building just erected at Lucerne; and Mr. Chamberlain dropping hints of the possible abolition of school fees, and warning Denominationalists not to provoke the Liberal party to inquire what right they have to all that was conceded them in 1870. Mr. Forster, at Bradford, has spoken approvingly of the new Grand Committees, and hopes the proposed Bankruptcy Act will be entrusted to the Commercial Committee rather than the Legal one; and Sir R. A. Cross has declared at Southport that his party, no longer hampered by a fear of endangering Imperial interests in Ireland or Egypt, will show what Conservative principles really are.—In Haddingtonshire young Lord Elcho is making way with the electors, twitting Scotch Liberals who talk of Conservative dissensions with the series of secessions in their own ranks, and the number of sudden conversions since 1880 to the cause of Dis-establishment. The Radicals of Hull have determined to bring forward Mr. Joseph Arch at the next election in opposition to the present sitting members. The Liberal party, according to the new candidate, will have "to shake off these miserable Whigs." Ministerial and administrative reconstruction has been completed by the choice of Lord E. Fitzmaurice to succeed Sir Charles Dilke as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, of Mr. J. K. Cross, M.P., to replace Lord Enfield as Under-Secretary for India, and of Mr. Henry Brand, M.P., as Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, in the room of Sir John Adye, appointed Governor of Gibraltar.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTY IN THE WEST OF IRELAND was furnished in the biddings before Judge Flanagan for a small estate in Mayo. The highest offer for a farm for which 1,775*l.* could have been obtained three years ago, was 875*l.*, or eleven years' purchase. The sale was adjourned by order of the Judge, who remarked (not, let us hope, ironically) that with the security given by recent legislation the land ought to fetch from twenty to thirty years' purchase.—Mr. W. O'Brien's application for a *mandamus* to compel the divisional magistrate of police to receive evidence justifying the article in *United Ireland*, entitled "Accusing Spirits," has been refused by the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Lawson. Lord Campbell's Act, it was held, does not apply in cases of seditious libel.—None of the defendants were present when the case of the Queen *v.* Davitt, Quinn, and Healy came on last Tuesday in the Queen's Bench Division, and only Mr. Quinn was professionally represented. It was stated, however, that both the other defendants would have been present had they received notice in time. Evidence was given of the violent language used at various public meetings, and the Court eventually reserved judgment, and directed copies of the speeches to be furnished. The next day Mr. Davitt arrived from Liverpool, and was to be heard on his defence on Thursday.—Much excitement was caused in Dublin by a successful police raid on Saturday night, ending in the arrest of sixteen persons (including one ex-suspect, whose imprisonment had gained him a seat in the Town Council), not under the Crimes Act, but on a distinct charge of "conspiracy to murder certain Government officials and others." Twenty-two warrants had been made out, and in the course of the next day or two the remaining six were apprehended, and lodged in prison until their examination on Saturday next. The scare seems to have been very great for the moment, and quantities of arms and ammunition seem to have been thrown away or loosely hidden in waste places, and so to have fallen into the hands of the police. The authorities, it was said, had obtained a clue to the purchaser of the revolver taken from the assailant of Judge Lawson. The Irish Home Manufacturers' Association passed a resolution on Tuesday night condemning the action of the Executive in the case of Mr. Carey, the Town Councillor, and pointing to these arrests as another proof of the necessity for a native Parliament.—Patrick Higgins, the eldest of the three men convicted of the cruel murder of the Huddys, was hanged in Galway Gaol on Monday morning, and his fellow culprits, Thomas Higgins and Michael Flynn, on Wednesday. Some hopes had been entertained by Patrick Higgins's friends of a reprieve, but Earl Spencer could not find any extenuating circumstances in the case. Meanwhile there is much terror in the gaol from a report

that the ghost of Myles Joyce "walks." A warder and a matron to have petitioned to be removed elsewhere, and a soldier has been tried by court-martial for deserting his post when on sentry duty outside. The plea that he had seen the ghost did not avert a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.—Mr. O'Donnell has addressed to *The Times* a passionate protest against the régime of Coercion, declaring that men's lives and liberties are at the mercy of informers and the police, and that hundreds of thousands will soon lose for ever their last faint sentiments of loyalty. The Nationalists seem to think it a misfortune that Mr. Trevelyan has kept his word, and that the poorest now are comparatively safe from the attacks of the secret assassin.—Mr. Parnell's lands were ploughed this week by a large number of voluntary labourers. Two hundred and eighty ploughs were used, and several brass bands enlivened the proceedings. The work was directed by members of the late Land League.

A FIRE, causing the death of five persons and serious injuries to four more, broke out on Tuesday in a house in Windsor Street, Widegate Street, on the east side of Bishopsgate. The fire was first discovered on the ground floor, and the door being broken open the flames spread so swiftly over the house—an old three-storied tenement of nine rooms, each occupied by a different family—that in a few minutes egress became impossible. Five perished in the upper floor by burning and suffocation, and four are now laid up in the hospital with fractured limbs and internal injuries sustained in leaping from the windows. The house itself was almost entirely destroyed.

THE WRECK of a fine Clyde emigrant ship, the *Wild Deer*, bound for Otago, with 209 emigrants and a crew of forty, was fortunately unattended with loss of life. The vessel, which sailed from Glasgow on Friday, seems to have lost her course on entering the Irish Channel, and drifted on to the North Rock, a dangerous reef on the coast of Down, in the neighbourhood of Portaferry. Passengers and crew all reached the shore in safety in their own or in the fishing boats which put out from the shore, but the vessel, it is feared, will become a total wreck.

THE JUDGES OF THE EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION have cited five of the Glendale crofters to appear before them on the 18th of February, provided service is made sixteen days before that date, to answer for breach of interdict obtained in July last, and for contempt of Court in keeping cattle on the farm of Waterstrim. Twelve policemen have arrived in Skye from Inverness, and another detachment has been sent from Glasgow. Later intelligence announces that the bearer of the writ and a party of the police have been driven out of Glendale and severely beaten.

ANOTHER INQUEST was held at Liverpool last week on the body of one of the Italian steerage passengers lost in the collision between the *City of Brussels* and the *Kirby Hall*. It appeared from the evidence of the steward that the deceased and his companion lost their lives through remaining too long below in the attempt to save their luggage.

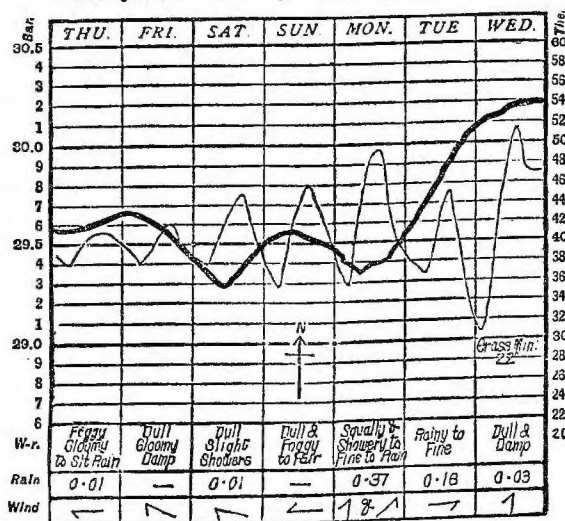
AS A PROOF OF THE EARNESTNESS of the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal scheme, it was stated last week, at a meeting held in Blackburn Town Hall, that the chairman of the Provisional Committee is now in London, prepared to hand over nearly a quarter of a million as Parliamentary deposit. Should they fail in the coming Session, they would try and try again till they made Manchester a port.

THE NONCONFORMISTS are canvassing Monmouthshire for signatures to a petition praying for the extension of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act to that county. The canvassers have divided the county into fifteen districts, and the memorial will be presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Corbett, M.P.

THE SMOULDERING DISCONTENT among the Scottish railway *employés* in connection with the demand for shorter hours culminated on Monday in a strike of over 400 men in the service of the Caledonian Company. A mass meeting on Glasgow Green was addressed by Mr. Hope, the secretary of the Amalgamated Railway Servants' Association, and it was stated that the surface-men and platelayers who had been asked to take the place of the strikers had refused. Considerable uneasiness is felt in business centres, and great efforts are made to carry on the traffic by drafting men from the more Northern stations, where the feeling of dissatisfaction is much less strong. The traffic managers predict the speedy failure of a strike which has only withdrawn a few hundred from an army of 13,000 or 14,000 workmen; and the men, on their part, seem equally determined to maintain their resistance to the bitter end.

### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JANUARY 11 TO JANUARY 17 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been very dull, damp, and unsettled, with scarcely any sunshine. Pressure has been low, and, chiefly owing to the low readings have existed to the westward of us, but, chiefly owing to the presence of an anti-cyclone over Scandinavia, and a rising barometer, gloomy weather over us. On Thursday (17th inst.), with a slightly-rising barometer, gloomy weather and light easterly winds were experienced. A brisk fall of the mercury took place the next evening, the wind getting round to the south-east; weather unchanged. Saturday (19th inst.) found a depression off the extreme south-west of England; and on Sunday (14th inst.), another had formed to the westward of Ireland, damp, foggy weather and easterly winds prevailing. With the low pressure system moving off in a north-easterly direction on Monday (15th inst.), and a rising barometer, rain fell rather smartly, light southerly winds blowing. Tuesday (16th inst.), with a fast-rising barometer, some temporary improvement took place, but westerly winds prevailing. At the close of the time no apparent change was imminent. Temperature has been fairly uniform, and above the average. The barometer was highest (30·18 inches) on Wednesday (17th inst.); lowest (29·30 inches) on Saturday (13th inst.); range, 0·88 inches. Temperature was highest (51°) on Wednesday (17th inst.); lowest (31°) on Wednesday (17th inst.); range, 20°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0·66 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·37 inches, on Monday (15th inst.).



THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS has elected three new Associates—Messrs. B. W. Leader, painter; Thomas Brock, sculptor; and Francis Holl, engraver.

HERR WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL" will be played again at Bayreuth this summer, as the King of Bavaria has once more lent the *maestro* the Munich Court singers and orchestra. Four performances will be given a week from July to early in August.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S NEURALGIA, so he recently told an intimate friend, has evidently aroused much sympathy amongst English people, as every day he receives from England a quantity of prescriptions and various medicaments, some of which, indeed, have done him temporary good. The pain is worst in the morning, and is sometimes so violent that the Prince is obliged to stop short in the middle of a sentence. After a full meal the neuralgia subsides.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE HABLOT K. BROWNE ("Phiz") are shortly to be exhibited at the Liverpool Art Club, and the committee organising the collection ask both for loans from owners and information as to the whereabouts of the works. One capital collection of thirty-two water-colour drawings and sketches will be sent from Bath, together with some of "Phiz's" letters addressed to the family who owned the works, several of these epistles being illustrated by pen-and-ink drawings. Some of these sketches, according to the *Bath Herald*, represent scenes from Dickens's works, and have never been published.

IRISH TOPICS just now are not the most agreeable themes in England, but none the less we hope that the efforts of the Gaelic Union to promote the cultivation and preservation of the Irish language by publishing a monthly magazine partly in the national tongue, will meet with all the success they deserve. Political prejudice apart, however, all antiquarians will be interested in the *Gaelic Journal*, which, though "wearing the Green" as regards binding, restricts its contents to subjects of literary and archaeological interest, and provides both Gaelic and English articles of much interest to its readers.

THE NEXT CONTINENTAL ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION takes place at Vienna, this year, from August 1st to October 31st, and judging from present reports, promises to be the largest of its kind yet held. Postponed from last year to avoid clashing with the similar display at Munich, the Exhibition is being unusually well supported in a monetary sense, while the applications for space are enormous, particularly as exhibitors will pay no rent, and will only have the expense of furnishing their stalls. The Exhibition will be housed in the Rotunda and the building erected for the Universal Exhibition of 1873, and will be open both day and evening, while, though no prizes will be awarded, *Engineering* states that a technical and scientific commission will be organised to carry out measurements and investigations in co-operation with the exhibitors.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,567 deaths were registered, against 1,556, a rise of 11, being 213 below the average, and at the rate of 20·7 per 1,000. There were 7 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 2), 46 from measles (a fall of 4), 31 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 14 from diphtheria (a decrease of 7), 29 from whooping-cough (a fall of 2), 12 from enteric fever (a decline of 9), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 12 from diarrhæa and dysentery. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 361, a fall of 23, being 129 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 71 deaths, 64 were the result of negligence or accident, including 18 infants from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,808 births, against 3,044 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 22. The mean temperature of the air was 38·3 deg., and 0·5 deg. above the average.

SOME INTERESTING AUSTRALIAN PRESENTS have been made to the young Princes of Wales as souvenirs of their visit to Botany Bay to inspect the monument erected in commemoration of Captain Cook's landing. These consist of two blotting-pads, paper knives, and paper weights. The blotting-pads are of book form, covered with scented myall wood, inlaid with silver floral designs, and each corner is protected by bosses representing the bush blossoms of the woollen flower, which closely resembles a large daisy. Typical Australian scenes border the inner pages, which are further ornamented with the flora and fauna of Botany Bay. The paper knives are made of the same wood, in the shape of miniature war boomerangs, and bear the Princes' monograms and an oxydised silver medallion of an aboriginal warrior. The paper weights are rough malachite blocks, one supporting the figure of an emu in chased silver, the other surmounted by a kangaroo.

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND seems to have afforded the greatest possible pleasure to our guests, judging from the report given by one of the native officers on his return home. The warmth of their reception by the people made a deep impression, whilst they thought that there could be no city like London, and pronounced it to be "The Number One Place in the World." Still, though appreciating the wonders of the capital, the officer would prefer to live in Brighton. The highest honour, however, was the presentation of the medals by the Queen, who "soiled her hands by touching us—we are too insignificant for her to touch." The Indians considered the Crystal Palace the handsomest building they saw, Windsor Castle coming second on the list, while some idea of their artistic taste is given by their choice of the panorama at the Crystal Palace of the Franco-German War as "the best picture in London. We prefer it to those in the National Gallery." Altogether "almost everything is Number One. We have seen more wonderful things than we thought of. The women are pretty, the men brave and hospitable, and the country such that we do not think there is another like it."

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Mr. H. S. Phillips, the Secretary, writes on behalf of the Council of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours :—"The Institute, now more than half a century old, intend inaugurating the opening of their new Galleries in Piccadilly this spring by making it an open exhibition to all painters in water-colours. It is also their intention at the same time to open schools for the education of students in the art of water-colour painting, and endeavour to do for the student in water-colours that which has been so well done for the student in oil by the Royal Academy. The classes will include all branches of the art, the principal of which will be figure, landscape, and still life, and in addition to these, instruction will be given in monochrome for the purposes of illustration and drawing on wood. These schools will be *entirely free*, and the members of the Institute will supervise the instruction to the students, as now practised by the Royal Academicians. This scheme has been long contemplated but from want of space has remained in abeyance. The students will be required to submit drawings to prove their qualification to take advantage of the schools, as it is not the intention of the Institute to give elementary instruction. The commencement of the first term and other particulars will be shortly announced. Prizes of gold and silver medals have already been promised, and any assistance of sympathisers in this direction will be gratefully acknowledged by the Council of the Institute."





THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH NAPIER, BART. (FORMERLY  
LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND)  
Died on the 9th December, 1882, aged 78



GENERAL ANTOINE EUGÈNE ALFRED CHANZY  
Died January 4th, aged 59



CAPTAIN HENRY LUDLOW LOPES (HIGHLAND  
LIGHT INFANTRY)  
Died of Typhoid Fever at Cairo, December 10th, 1882



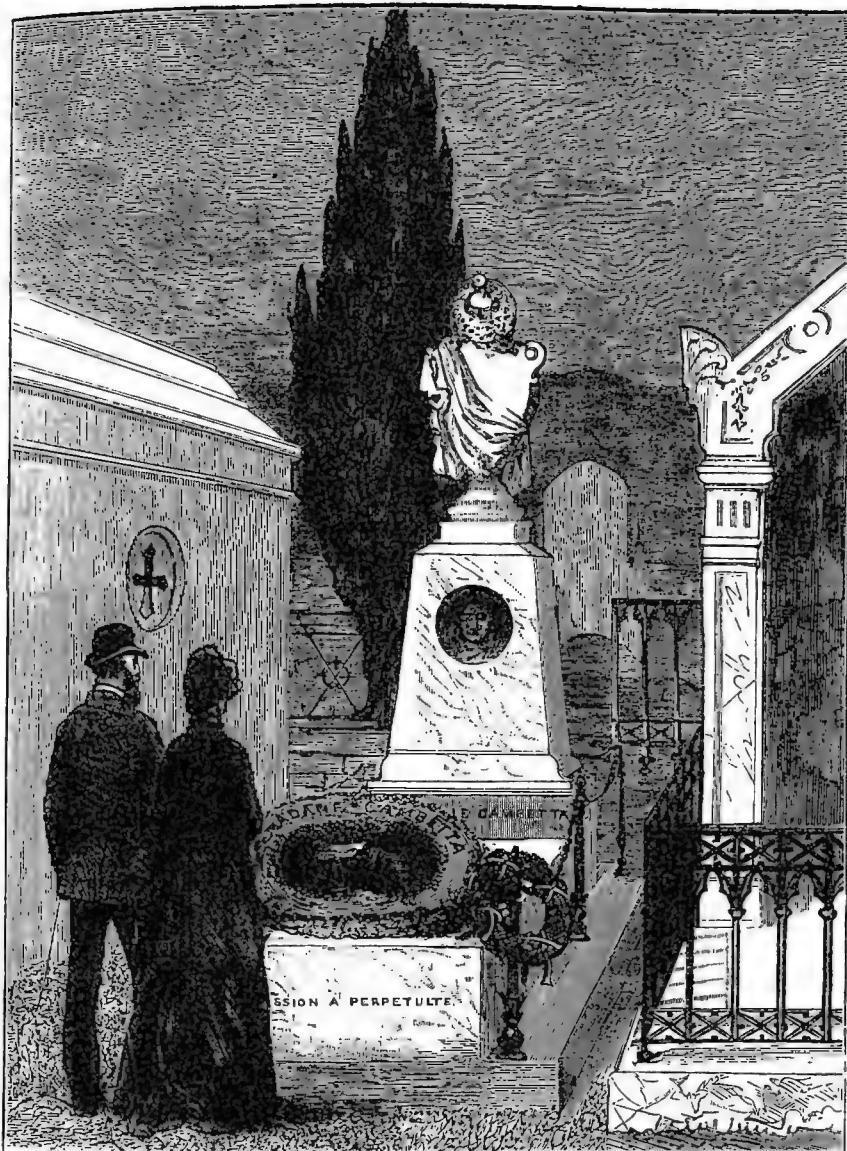
VIEW OF RAAB LATELY INUNDATED BY THE DANUBE



A FLOODED CHURCHYARD AT RAAB

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN AUSTRIA—HUNGARY





THE TOMB OF THE GAMBETTA FAMILY IN THE NICE CEMETERY



COXSMAIN ROBERT HOOK (OF THE LOWESTOFT LIFEBOAT "SAMUEL PLIMSOLL"),  
THE SAVIOUR OF MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED LIVES



1. "Down!"—2. "There!"

MOOSE-CREEPING IN NOVA SCOTIA





Two important steps have been taken towards the definitive settlement of EGYPT—the Dual Control has been abolished, and Lord Granville's Note intimating the line of England's future policy has been presented to the Powers. The fate of the Control was sealed by a despatch from Earl Granville to Lord Dufferin, in which, after recapitulating the arguments set forth in Cherif Pasha's recent Note requesting the abolition of the Control, he announced that the English Cabinet was not prepared, in opposition to the wishes of the Egyptian Government, "to insist upon the maintenance of an arrangement which, in its last form, was only provisionally accorded." At the same time, it is not considered wise that the Egyptian Government should be deprived of all European assistance in securing the good administration of its finances; and so the British Government recommends that, in place of the Anglo-French Control, a single European financial adviser should be appointed. This official should attend Cabinet Councils when requested by the Khedive, and would exercise powers of inquiry and advice on financial questions—without, however, any authority to interfere in the direct administration of the country. The nomination of this official is left entirely to the Khedive. There is a word or two at the end about France, and the great value she has placed on the Control; but the conviction is expressed that "this feeling will not extend to thinking it possible that an arrangement of a temporary character should be continued after two of the three parties to it have become desirous to be freed from the obligation for reasons which they consider to be of grave importance."

Lord Granville's Circular Note to the Powers deals directly with the immediate future of Egypt. He first points out how the task of restoring order in Egypt had been thrown upon England alone, although she would have willingly shared it with other nations; and that, therefore, she was compelled to leave a portion of her forces in the country. These she will withdraw as soon as adequate means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority had been organised; but, in the mean time, the British Government feel it their duty to act as advisers to the Khedive in order to secure a satisfactory and stable settlement of the country. Lord Granville then proceeds at once to the question of the Suez Canal; and, after alluding to the danger incurred by that great highway on the outbreak of Arabi's rebellion, proposes that free and unimpeded navigation of the Canal at all times shall be secured by international agreement, which shall also stipulate that though vessels of war shall be allowed to pass at all times and under all conditions, no vessel of a belligerent Power should be permitted to stay in the Canal beyond a certain time, while no troops and munitions of war should be disembarked. Moreover, no hostilities should be allowed to take place in the Canal or its approaches, or in the territorial waters of Egypt, even if Turkey herself be at war. No fortifications should be erected on the Canal, which thus would be absolutely neutralised, and rendered as international a highway as the Straits of Dover. Lord Granville next proceeds to the financial question, and announces that new proposals will shortly be made for administering the Daira estates with greater simplicity and economy, while the co-operation of the Powers is asked in forming some scheme by which foreigners will be compelled to bear their fair share of the taxation. The prolongation of the Mixed tribunals for a year is then announced, with the hope that by that time the Egyptian Code and judiciary may be amended, and placed on a firmer basis. Passing on to the Egyptian army, the British Government considers that such a force should be small, and that order should be maintained by police. As the Khedive has requested that the army should be partly officered by Englishmen, certain British officers have been temporarily lent, on the condition that Egyptian officers should be enabled to attain to some of the higher commands. The abolition of the Dual Control and the suppression of the slave trade are next touched upon, and the opinion is expressed that "the prudent introduction of some form of representative institutions may contribute greatly to the good government of the country, and to the safety and regularity of the Khedive's rule;" and, finally, the hope is expressed that the spirit in which the British Government have acted in putting forth this statement, and in advising the Khedive as recorded, will be found in consonance with the views of the other Governments which take an interest in Egypt.

This Circular, from all reports, appears to have given satisfaction to all the great Powers, save, of course, FRANCE, where, apart from the journalistic outcry which the abolition of the Dual Control has evoked, the Cabinet have issued an official declaration, which was read in both the Chambers and the Senate on Monday. Not that it contains anything startling or remarkable, being, under the circumstances, as milk-and-waterly an acceptance of accomplished facts as could be possibly imagined. After detailing the course of events which led to the establishment of the Dual Control, and the benefits which that institution has conferred upon Egypt, it states that the union of France and England was first endangered when the rebellion broke out. "The British Government deemed itself compelled to suppress this sedition by force of arms. You, on the contrary, were of opinion that there was no need for any military intervention on the part of France." As long as the war lasted, France acted with the utmost reserve—"Our attitude being that of trustful friends who had been separated for a moment by trifling differences." When military operations also came to an end, as British statesmen had continually and solemnly declared that they would respect the "rights which had been acquired, and the international arrangements," France waited to see the restoration of the *status quo ante*, and throughout the subsequent negotiations it was on this basis that the French Cabinet took its stand. At the same time, every disposition was shown "to examine the concessions which the Queen's Ministers might think proper to propose." "No one, however," it continues, "could possibly dream that France would accept a too inferior position after an intervention which was not directed against us. From the day when the English, declining to continue our counter action, determined to undertake singlehanded the onus and settlement of the affairs in Egypt, we had only to resume our freedom of action. This we have done without annoyance or recrimination."

We shall do our utmost to safeguard on the banks of the Nile the rights which we have acquired, our legitimate interests, and the traditions of the past." As might be imagined, this tame effusion excited no enthusiasm, and was received in cold silence. Notwithstanding, however, the bitter feeling which is manifested in nearly every newspaper against England and her perfidious policy, it is generally felt that there is nothing to be done, and that France must accept her position with as much dignity as possible. M. John Lemoine, with his usual outspokenness, plainly tells his countrymen that they must have been very simple to think that the English would have undertaken the expedition for their benefit. England had fought because the safety of the route to India was indispensable to her, and they have no right even to protest against an exclusion "which is justified by our abstention and humiliating abdication."

Even the all-important Egyptian question, however, has been thrown into the shade by one of those sudden internal political thunderstorms which seem peculiar to the French climate. M. Gambetta, the great antagonist of Monarchy and of Emperor, being

dead, the partisans of the dethroned dynasties took heart, and there were rumours that the Comte de Chambord was about to issue a manifesto. Prince Napoléon, however, determined to be first in the field, and on Tuesday Paris awoke to find her walls being placarded with a manifesto signed by the familiar name of "Napoléon," and containing a violent denunciation of the existing Government. "Dear fellow citizens," it began, "France is languishing. . . . The Executive is enfeebled, incapable, impotent. The Chambers are alike destitute of guidance, and without decision. The party in power ignores its own principles, and does nothing but seek to gratify passions of the least elevated description. Parliament is indefinitely broken up, and Reactionists, Moderates, and Radicals have all succeeded each other in the Government. One and all they have turned out failures. A Republic of reparation and reform was promised to you—lying promise! . . . You have no Government." All this evil Prince Napoléon proceeds to point out arises from a Constitution "which places the country at the discretion of eight hundred Senators and Deputies;" and he then continues to descant upon the bad state of the army, the magistracy, the finances, religion "attacked by an Atheistic persecution," commerce "stricken by the abandonment of the 1860 treaties, to which we owed our prosperity," and of the foreign policy, "one of bad faith with the weak . . . it is cowardly and idiotic in Egypt, where France's interests are considerable." The remedy for all this is the old Napoleonic panacea of a *plebiscite*. "Until the people shall have spoken its will, France will not pull herself together." Then the Prince launches off into personal matters. "I," he cries, "heir to Napoléon I. and Napoléon III., am the only living man whose name has brought together seven million three hundred thousand suffrages;" and then goes on to relate how, up to the present time, he has kept silence. He now, however, indignantly repudiates all idea of abdication, and declares that while such "understandings" may suit Princes who consider themselves invested with rights superior to the will of the country. . . . "The Napoléons, elected by, and the servants of the people, are incapable of acting thus." He further declares that no pact is possible with the partisans of the "White Flag," which is now become the sole emblem of the House of Bourbon, and that the Napoléons defend the direct sovereignty of the people—a doctrine which has been abandoned by a good many Republicans solely through fear of the popular vote." Asserting that whatever may have been established by one *plebiscite* can only be replaced by another and a new *plebiscite*, and to deny the people's right to nominate its own chief is to "perpetrate an outrage upon National Sovereignty," "Frenchmen!" he concludes, "remember these words of Napoléon the First, 'Everything done without the people is illegal.'"

These utterances and the sudden reappearance of a Bonapartist claimant in political life has caused great excitement. Prince Napoléon was at once arrested—an act which caused a violent debate and scene in the Chamber. M. Jolibois, on the part of the Bonapartist party, attacked the Government for the illegality of the arrest. To this M. Devès, Minister of Justice, promptly replied, and then M. Floquet, for the Radical faction, presented a Bill exiling all members of families who have reigned in France, and depriving them of all political rights. This sweeping motion brought up the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Bisaccia who, declaring that he "was anxious to absolve the King from all responsibility," drew down a call to order for using such an appellation, which he altered to "descendants of the Kings of France." He pointed out that the Bill affected Princes who had shed their blood for the Republic, and who had been decorated for their services. Finally, the Bill was taken into consideration by 328 votes against 112, the conduct of the Government having been previously approved by 417 votes against 89. It is not likely, however, that M. Floquet's proposition will be carried in its entirety, as the Government will probably merely ask for discretionary powers. The general opinion is that the manifesto is a mistake on the part of the Prince, who, of course, is severely castigated by M. de Cassagnac in the *Pays*.—The only other events of importance in France have been the second funeral of M. Gambetta at Nice, which took place on Saturday, and the Anarchist trial at Lyons, of which the chief interest has centred in Prince Krapotkin's defence. He denied the existence of the International, and declared that Proudhon and the thinkers of 1848 had first implanted anarchical ideas in France. Those ideas were spreading in spite of everything. He cited the Commune as an instance that persecution tended to develop the growth of the objects of persecution, and declared that if he were condemned the result would be to attract proselytes to the cause. He argued that the law under which he was being tried did not apply to him, and concluded by predicting that a social revolution would take place within ten years, and urging society to avert it by studying the social question instead of persecuting Anarchists.

There has been another great fire, with terrible loss of life—this time in RUSSIA. On Saturday evening the audience in a circus at Berditscheff (a town of Russian Poland) were startled by one of the clowns rushing into the ring and shouting "Fire!" At first this was taken to be part of the performance, but on the truth being made manifest a terrible panic ensued. The spectators, numbering some 800, rushed to the doors, which, opening inwards, were quickly jammed, while others had been nailed up. The building being of wood the fire spread with great rapidity, and many people jumping down into the ring were trampled upon by the maddened horses, which had broken loose. The fire brigade did not arrive until half an hour after the outbreak, owing to an accident while crossing the river, while when it came no water could be procured owing to the hard frost. The victims are estimated at present at 268.—There is little else at present from Russia. The Czar and his family have now gone to St. Petersburg for the season, and it is stated that the coronation will definitely take place at Moscow, where extensive preparations for proposed festivities are being made. The Russian Budget for 1883 is estimated at 778,500,000 roubles receipts, and 778,400,000 roubles expenditure. Compared with last year's Budget thus is an increase in the receipts of 41,361,997 roubles.

In INDIA the first of the much-discussed local self-government measures has been passed by the Supreme Council. By this, which applies solely to the Central Provinces, the Chief Commissioner is authorised to form local administration areas by aggregating several villages into circles, and circles into groups, for each of which last a Local Board is to be established. The Local Boards will consist of the Mukaddams, or executive head-men, and other natives, and of a certain number of Government nominees. They will be entrusted with the management of the roads, schools, hospitals, markets, public works, and all local matters. A District Council is also to be formed for each district, while the Chief Commissioner has power to supersede Councils or Boards in the event of their incompetency, default, or abuse of their functions.—The alleged ringleaders of the Madras High Court have confirmed the sentence of transportation for life passed on Soondrum Chetty, the prime mover in the conspiracy, but has reversed the sentences of several of the others.—In Burma considerable alarm prevails at Rangoon, owing to the great prevalence of brigandage.

In SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo landed at Port Durnford on the 10th inst. He does not seem to have shown any alacrity in greeting Mr. Shepstone, who received him, and expressed his disappointment that only fifty Caffres had assembled to welcome him—even those being men employed on the boats. He had expected that the beach would have been crowded with people, and, the *Times* correspondent tells us, complains that they have been prevented from coming,

or have been driven away. Next day the King started early, and encamped near the Umhlaturi. On Saturday he told a deputation that he was dissatisfied with the division of Zululand, and subsequently addressing 150 of his people—who alleged that ignorance of his coming had prevented their coming to welcome him—recounted to them the chief incidents of his English trip. After a day or so's halt at St. Paul's, the King will go on to Ulundi.

In the TRANSVAAL Mr. Kruger, in response to an invitation to stand for the Presidency, dilates upon the necessity for bringing about such alterations in the convention with England so as restore in its fulness the Sand River Treaty, the "corner-stone of Transvaal freedom."

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from EGYPT that Sir Evelyn Wood has been nominated Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief and Pasha Ferik.—In GERMANY Marshal Manteuffel, in addressing the Provincial Committee of Alsace-Lorraine, commented severely upon the hostile attitude assumed by the Alsatian deputies, and the agitators who, under the name of the Protest party, were keeping alive the ill-feeling to Germany in the annexed provinces.—In SWEDEN the Riksdag has been opened by the King, who mentioned the excellent harvest and the flourishing revenue, which shows a large surplus, and announced a measure for a considerable reduction of the land tax.—The new Ministry in SPAIN does not meet with great favour, the Press criticising the fresh Cabinet as very weak, while attacks on the financial policy have already begun in Parliament. While her neighbours suffer from floods Spain is being troubled with earthquakes, serious shocks having occurred in Murcia, although no lives were lost.—Disasters, too, still continue in the UNITED STATES, for besides the terrible fire at Milwaukee, a similar conflagration has occurred at the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, which was completely burnt down with a loss of three lives. The Milwaukee fire, however, is even more disastrous than at first estimated, 109 lives having been lost, while many of those saved are seriously injured. It is suspected that the fire was incendiary, especially as several previous attempts had been made, and the lessee of the hotel bar has been arrested.—In BRITISH COLUMBIA the Indians are giving some trouble at Metlakalita, and as no British war vessel is now on the station the Government have asked the American authorities to lend a revenue cutter and police force.—In NEW SOUTH WALES Parliament has been opened by Lord Augustus Loftus, who gave a flourishing account of the revenue, which has exceeded the estimates by 258,000/.



THE QUEEN and the Princess Beatrice will remain in the Isle of Wight for three weeks longer. Her Majesty was visited at Osborne last week by Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, who left on Saturday morning, while on Sunday the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where the Rev. A. Peile preached. On Monday night Sir John and Lady Cowell, and Captain and Mrs. Thomson dined with Her Majesty. Probably the Queen will come up to Windsor for a few hours at the end of this week to see the Duchess of Connaught and her baby.—Her Majesty's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, is being thoroughly repaired, as some of the stern timbers are decayed and must be cut out and replaced, while new engines are to be fitted to the vessel. Accordingly the *Osborne* is kept in readiness for the Queen's use if required.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have spent a few days in town, coming up from Sandringham with their two sons at the end of last week. Immediately on their arrival they visited the Duchess of Cambridge, and received Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, who, on behalf of the Hon. T. Holt, presented to Princes Albert Victor and George various articles of colonial manufacture in memory of their visit to Mr. Holt's estate, at the spot where Captain Cook first landed in Australia. On Saturday the Prince, accompanied by his sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a large party, went down to Woolwich, where he unveiled the statue of the late Prince Imperial at the Royal Military Academy. Subsequently the Royal party visited the Herbert Hospital, containing the sick and wounded from Egypt, where the Prince bestowed the Egyptian medal on several of the men, and after lunching at the Royal Artillery mess inspected the Royal Artillery monument to their comrades who fell in the Zulu and Afghan Wars. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their two sons attended Divine Service, and entertained the Duke of Cambridge at lunch, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh also visited the Prince and Princess. Princes Albert Victor and George left London early on Monday morning for Lausanne, to resume their studies, the Prince and Princess accompanying them to the station, and on reaching Dover the young Princes crossed by the ordinary mail boat to Calais. The Prince of Wales subsequently presided at a meeting of the Committee to organise a memorial to the late Primate. The Duke of Albany was also present, and accompanied the Prince home to lunch, while in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Comedy Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess returned to Sandringham to rejoice their daughters. The Prince leaves London next Monday for Berlin, to attend the festivities of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany's Silver Wedding, and during his stay on the Continent will visit Paris and Darmstadt.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have already gone to Berlin on the same errand. Before leaving town they went on Saturday night to the Olympic Theatre, and on Monday afternoon took their family to the Children's Pantomime at the Avenue Theatre. They started in the evening with their son, and crossing *via* Dover and Calais, reached Berlin on Tuesday night, where they are staying at the Russian Embassy. The Crown Prince and Princess met the Royal party at the station.—The Duchess of Connaught gave birth to a son on Saturday morning, and both the Duchess and her baby are going on well. The event was somewhat sudden, as the Duke had left his wife in her usual health, and had come up to town to accompany the Prince of Wales to Woolwich. Whilst at Buckingham Palace, however, he received the news of his son's birth, and at once hurried back to Windsor, as the Duchess's health has lately caused some anxiety. This baby is the Queen's twenty-sixth living grandchild. Monday was the first birthday of little Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess's eldest child.—The Duchess of Albany's *accouchement* is also shortly expected, and the Duke and Duchess will come to Buckingham Palace for the event, as it is considered unlucky to remain at Claremont, owing to the death of the Princess Charlotte having taken place there. The Duke presides at the public meeting of the Archbishop Tait Memorial Committee on the 26th inst., as the Prince of Wales will be absent from England.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have spent two days at Richmond, U.S., on their way to Charleston.

The Silver Wedding festivities at Berlin begin on Wednesday next by a Court at the Palace, when the Crown Prince and Princess will receive the congratulations from the Court, officials, and various deputations. On the actual anniversary, Thursday, the Prince and Princess will again go through the marriage ceremony, and after a family dinner there will be a grand fancy ball at the Palace, when



an elaborate "Procession of Historical Pageants" will take place. This will represent the escort of "The Queen of Love and Romance," the Crown Prince and Princess's daughter-in-law, Princess William, enacting the Queen, and will be closed by two quadrilles, illustrating English and German Court Dress of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.



PREPARATIONS have already begun for "the enthronement" of the new Primate at Canterbury Cathedral, which will take place on April 3rd. He will be "confirmed into" his Archbishopric by a Commission of Bishops before the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar of the Province at Bow Church, Cheapside, on Sunday, March 3rd, at 11 A.M. The Bishopric of Truro is understood to have been offered to the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, a clergyman highly esteemed in Cornwall, where he has acted for some years as Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop; and that of Llandaff to the Ven. Richard Lewis, Archdeacon of St. David's, and Rector of Lampeter Velfrey, in Pembrokeshire.

THE REMEMBRANCE of the high services rendered by Dr. Benson to the Church in Cornwall will be perpetuated by some form of public memorial—most probably by the completion in his honour of the great transept of the Diocesan Cathedral.

THE SUM of 4,200*l.*, required by the Vestry for the extinction of the Vicar's Rate at Holy Trinity, Coventry, has now been paid into the Mayor's Fund. The Vicar has addressed a letter to the parishioners, in which he states that there seems every prospect that the Bill for the Abolition of the Vicar's Rate will become law in the coming Session. The endowment of the living will be diminished by about 400*l.* a year, and it is proposed to meet the deficiency by collections from the congregation. The Church estate will still defray all the Church expenses, and the offertory be devoted to paying the stipends of the curates, and other expenses connected with Church work in the parish.

AT A MEETING of the Committee for a memorial to the late Archbishop Tait, held on Monday in the Jerusalem Chamber under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, it was resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Albany, that the money subscribed should be expended in—1. A monument in Canterbury Cathedral. 2. Memorials in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. 3. The completion of the restoration of Lambeth Palace Chapel. A proposal that any surplus should be handed over to the Committee formed for the purchase of the Archbishop's Palace at Croydon with a view to its being used as a home for aged clergy, was looked upon as somewhat premature, and a resolution carried that "While the Committee is disposed to view the proposition favourably, it is of opinion that the determination upon the matter should be adjourned to a future day." A public meeting in support of the proposed memorial will be held, with permission of the Lord Mayor, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, on Friday, June 26th.

MR. GREEN paid this week a visit to Miles Platting for the first time since his imprisonment. The bells were rung, and his old congregation met together in the schools behind the church, where the Rev. H. Cowgill took the chair. Regret was expressed that the generous and commendable action of Sir P. Heywood, in presenting Mr. Cowgill to the vacant benefice, had been misconstrued as an act of defiance to the Bishop. Meanwhile the most divergent expressions of opinion continue to pour in respecting the action of the Bishops of Manchester and London in the cases of Mr. Green and Mr. Mackonochie. The Bishop of Lincoln, in reply to a memorial from 151 clergymen, declaring it to be a scandal that deprivation should follow non-obedience to a law to which the Lower House of Convocation had refused its sanction, regrets with the memorialists that such an Act should have been passed without fully consulting the great body of the clergy, but cannot admit that deprivation by Parliamentary statute is a usurpation of the spiritual authority entrusted to the Bishops by the Divine Head of the Church. The Prayer Book Revision Society sympathises with Bishop Fraser in the stand he has made in defence of law and order, and the principles of the Protestant Reformation. The Executive Committee of the Liberation Society issue a special minute condemning the step taken by the Bishop of London as tending to bring legal tribunals into contempt, and virtually to repeal the Public Worship Act independently of the action of the Legislature. A memorial deploring the institution of Mr. Mackonochie to the benefice of St. Peter's on the ground that it will make the public believe that the illegalities of Romish ceremony practised at St. Alban's have received Episcopal approval, has been drawn up for presentation to the Bishop, and has already received signatures of many influential clergymen.

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY, in Queen Victoria Street, "General" Booth gave a *resumé* on Saturday of the work of the last few months. The Army had now established itself in Paris, and made an entry into Switzerland, whence it can operate on Germany, Italy, and France. Two officers had been despatched to New Zealand the previous day. From India there was a call for reinforcements, and good progress was being made in Australia, Sweden, and North America. For home requirements they needed 400*l.* a week. If the London City Mission had an income of 40,000*l.*, half that sum was surely not too much for "the far-reaching work" of the Salvationists.



THE revival of *Caste* at the HAYMARKET Theatre this evening is an event of some interest; for it is understood that this is not only the first but the last time that this interesting play will be performed at this house by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and their company. If there is any playgoer who has not yet seen Mrs. Bancroft in her famous original part of Polly Eccles, it will therefore behove him to take advantage of this opportunity. Nearly fifteen years have elapsed since this, the most successful of all the late Mr. Robertson's comedies, was brought out at the Prince of Wales's. With the exception of Mrs. Bancroft's Polly and Mr. Bancroft's Captain Hawtree, no one of the original cast will appear in this revival. The most important newcomer is Mr. David James, who for the first time succeeds to the part of Eccles, hitherto impersonated by the late Mr. George Honey. Mr. Conway plays the hero, Mrs. Stirling the Marquise, Miss Gerard Esther, and Mr. Brookfield Genidge.

The theme of Mr. Byron's new piece, which is in preparation at the VAUDEVILLE, is, we believe, similar to that of M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*—that is to say it will deal with the embarrassments and disappointments of hospitality. Like all Mr. Byron's plays, however, it is strictly original. It is a comedy in three acts, and bears

the title of *Open House*. Owing to the sustained popularity of the admirable revival of *The Rivals*, it is not likely to be produced for some months to come.

On Monday next Mr. Charles Reade's rustic drama *Dora*, founded on Mr. Tennyson's idyll of the same name, will be revived at the ADELPHI Theatre, and, as the public advertisements assure us, in "a worthy manner," though only as an after-piece. The accompanying music is composed by Mrs. Tom Taylor.

Mr. Irving has now, we believe, definitively abandoned that series of revivals for brief periods which he announced some time since for the ensuing summer. The enormous success of the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* leaves no longer any room for doubt that this play will continue to be performed until the time fixed for the departure of the Lyceum company for the United States.

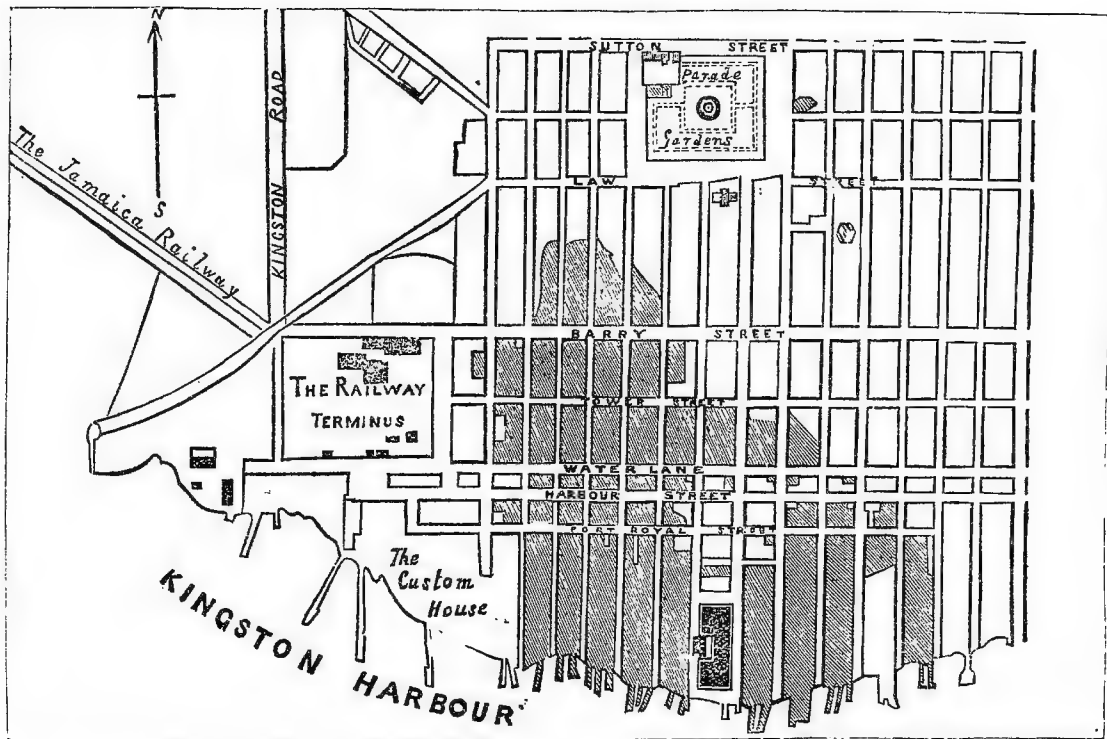
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Mr. Burgess's Annual Musical and Dramatic *Fête* took place in ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL on the afternoon and evening of last Tuesday. The first portion of the programme in the afternoon consisted of the usual sable minstrelsy; after this the "stars" appeared, dramatic and otherwise. Miss Russell and M. Gaillard sang in English and French respectively; the "inimitable" Mackney, who must now be quite a veteran, sang, danced, and imitated farm-yard noises on his fiddle with all the vivacity of youth; the Emile Girards performed their antics; and Mr. Lionel Brough was humorous in "The Artful Dodger." This kind of pickpocket, it may be observed, like the conventional burglar in *Punch*, is quite obsolete. His modern representative looks and dresses like an ordinary person. The gem of the entertainment was "The Life Boat," admirably recited by Mr. James Fernandez.

Amateur theatricals are more often than not just good enough to be thoroughly uninteresting, but the performance of *The Parvenu* at the SHELLEY Theatre, on the 15th inst., was certainly an exception to a too general rule. The piece was evenly and, on the whole, creditably played. The stage management was good, and the actors did their best, the result being a pleasing *ensemble*. Special mention should be made of Madame de Sarria, who, by her forcible and finished acting, showed how thin may be the line between the amateur and the professional. This lady, a prominent member of Lady Monckton's Dramatic Company, is a foreigner, who is not only perfectly at her ease with the English language on the stage, but whose pronunciation is well-nigh faultless. She also possesses a very sympathetic voice, and was awarded a shower of bouquets. The painter of the pretty landscape scene was Sir Percy Shelley, who had lent the theatre. The piece was preceded by a little farce translated from the French, *Un Mari de Coton*, rendered by Madame de Sarria and her husband so excellently that the audience, a high-priced one, not as a rule demonstrative, was fairly carried away, and applauded in spite of themselves. The entertainment was given in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Children.

### THE GREAT FIRE AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA

ON Monday, the 11th December, the city of Kingston were an unusually festive aspect, as not only were the Christmas holidays approaching, but on the day following the annual races were to take place.

But about 1.30 P.M. the cry of "Fire!" arose, and twenty-four hours later one-third of Kingston lay in ruins. The burnt portion



Plan of Kingston, Jamaica—The Shaded Part shows the Portion of the City which has been Burnt

was that where most of the principal places of business were situated.

The fire, which is suspected to be of incendiary origin, began in the timber yard of a Mr. Feurtado, and, aided by the sea breeze, which blows most strongly about mid-day, spread so rapidly as to defy all the efforts of the fire brigades. Most of the buildings were constructed of very inflammable materials, with roofs of wooden "shingles."

Just when the conflagration was about to reach the railway station, the evening land breeze set in, very early and very strong, and thus drove the flames back towards the sea. It was during this time that the Ordnance premises and the wharves and waterside warehouses were destroyed. The fire brigade did all they could, and were zealously aided by the naval and military authorities, but the fire, aided by such a high wind, was beyond all control. Sir A. Masgrave, the Governor of the colony, bears testimony to the orderly and quiet deportment of the townspeople during this trying time. The race meeting was, of course, abandoned, and the funds and stakes (amounting to some 2,000*l.*) were, in a very praiseworthy manner, handed over to the Relief Committee. The distress was very great, thousands of persons being rendered homeless and penniless.

Orange Street, depicted in our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. Herbert J. Thomas, Sub-Inspector Jamaica Constabulary, was chiefly inhabited by persons of a class whom the fire had deprived of everything they possessed.

A meeting will be held at the Mansion House on Monday next, at 3 P.M., to raise funds in aid of the sufferers.



THE TURF.—Yet another week without racing, and nobody the worse. But a good many English and Irish Turfites are out Nice way, where there has been some pretty good sport across hurdles and fences, though the course was very heavy. For the Grand Prix de la Méditerranée (Handicap Steeplechase) Nicklaus came in first, and Regence second, having started equal favourites at 3 to 1 in a field of seven; Halmi won the Welter Hurdle Race named after the Prince of Monaco, and in the Monaco Steeplechase Regence was recompensed for her previous disappointment by beating a field of six.—The entries for the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase are being freely discussed, but as several stables are strongly represented the field, perhaps, will not be a very numerous one. The race is still a "plate" of 1,000 guineas as last year, with the high entrance of 25*l.* for starters and 15*l.* for non-starters. For the second time in its annals the winner of the previous year is not engaged, but a kind of resurrectionist in the shape of old Regal, now thirteen years old, crops up. Old Liberator, who won the race in 1879 is also among the entries, and will probably be seen once more at the post.—Yet another death among Turf celebrities in that of Captain Prime, who bred Trappist, and owned him through a long and prosperous racing career.—A good deal of ingenuity is expended from time to time in giving names to racehorses which shall directly or indirectly commemorate those of their sires and dams; but what an opportunity of happy nomenclature has just been lost in calling the Speculum and Progress colt Penton, and the Speculum and Remembrance colt the Snark, when "Prospect" and "Retrospect" would have hit them off to a T.—In the Derby market Beau Brummel still rules the roast at 10 to 1, but for the Two Thousand Macheath is preferred to him.

COURSING.—There has been any amount of public coursing since we made our last notes. At the Rufford Meeting the Fennor Stakes were divided between Bedminster, Destruction, and Meols Diamond; and Bleak Hills took the Hesketh Cup.—At Four Oaks Park the Doe Bank Stakes were divided between Mr. J. Hinks's Hetty Beard and Mr. Dunsford's Domino; and for the Four Oaks Park Stakes in the deciding course, Mr. Hyde's Kilkenny Boy beat Mr. Corbet's Chancery.—At the recent sale of Mr. Carruthers' kennel, Commerce, who ran second to Misterton in the Waterloo Cup of 1879, fetched 150 guineas.—It seems that the Waterloo Cup market is almost a dead letter, as the Kempton Park Champion Stakes, to be run next week, with 1,000*l.* to be won, has taken the wind out of its sails. For this latter event Mr. Alexander, who will run Alec Halliday, is most in request.

FOOTBALL.—An important match in the Association Cup contest was played on Saturday last at Sheffield, between the Sheffield Wednesday and Nottingham Forest, in the presence of some 2,000 spectators, who showed very great interest in the game. The last time these teams met they played a draw, but on this occasion victory rested with Sheffield Wednesday three goals to two.—The annual Association match between North and South was played at Aston (Birmingham) on Monday last, and resulted in a

victory for the latter by four goals to none.—In Association games the Blackburn Rovers have beaten St. Mirren's, Paisley; Brentwood, which is in great form this season, has beaten Old Westminster; and the Scottish Counties at Darwen have played a drawn match with Lancashire.—In Rugby games Richmond has suffered defeat from Blackheath, and also up northwards from Huddersfield.

LACROSSE.—Kensington, which seems to be giving itself heartily to this game, on Saturday last at Willesden Green beat London by two goals to none.—We hear from the other side of the Atlantic that arrangements for the visit of the Lacrosse teams to this country are progressing most favourably.

RACQUETS.—However much Transatlantic sportsmen and pastimists may boast over us in some departments of athletic sports, it seems we can hold our own pretty well as yet in racquets. The Brothers Gray (Joseph and Walter), our crack players, have recently visited New York, where the game has many followers, and beaten the best performers there; Walter beating R. Moore, the marker at the New York Racquet Club, and Joseph beating Henry Boakes, Champion of Canada; while the two brothers, handicapped at four aces each game, also polished off their two antagonists in a double match.

CRICKET.—From the Antipodes the scores of some of the recent matches played by the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team have come to hand. In that against Twenty-two of Sandhurst and District, the Englishmen in their first innings made 117, W. W. Read contributing 23 and Leslie 48; against Twenty-two of Castlemaine and District, in their first innings G. B. Studd made 45, Bates 32,





THE START



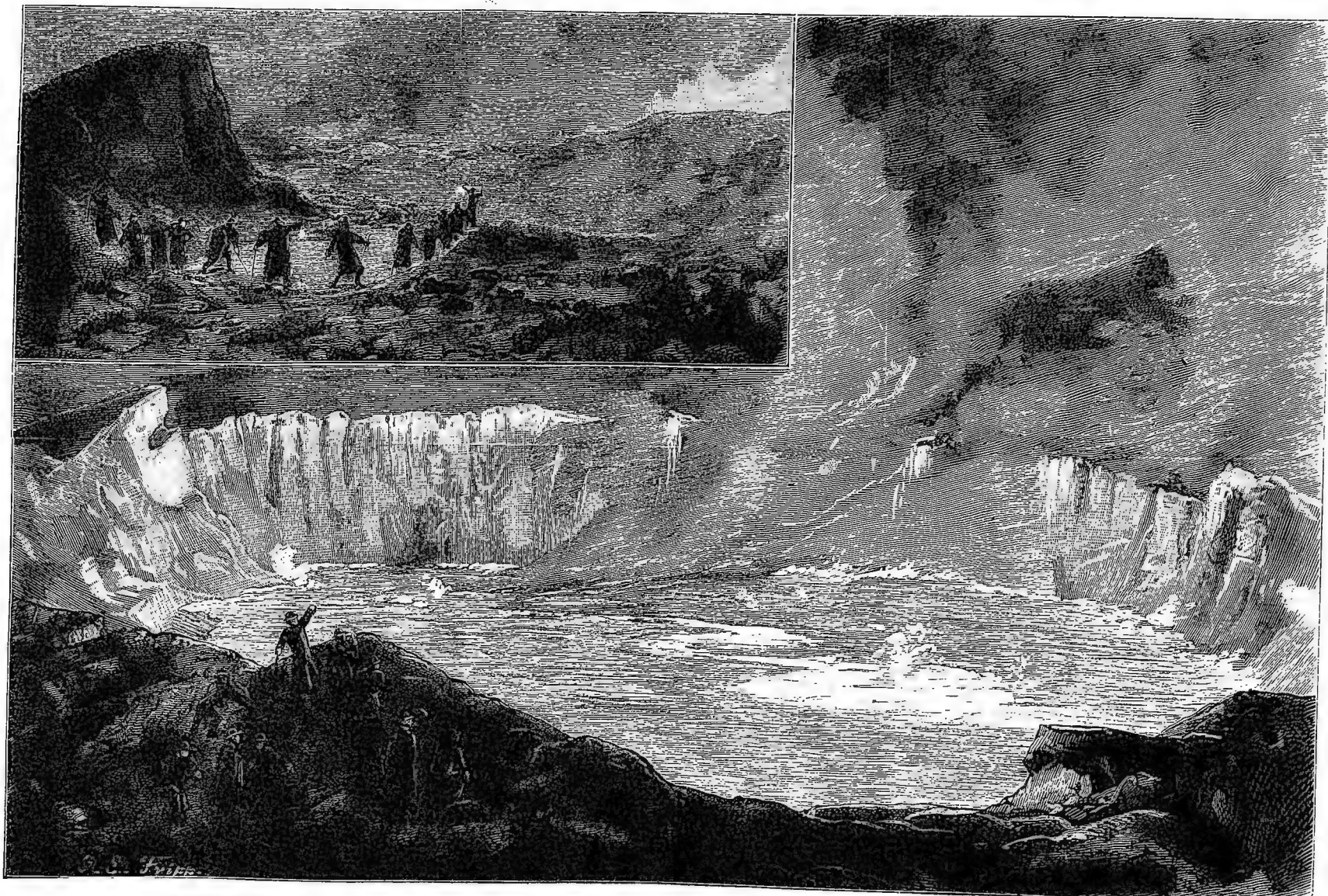
AN EPISODE ON THE RETURN JOURNEY



A NATIVE LADY



OUR HOST



CROSSING THE CRATER BY LANTERN LIGHT

THE BURNING LAKE

A NIGHT DESCENT INTO THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS

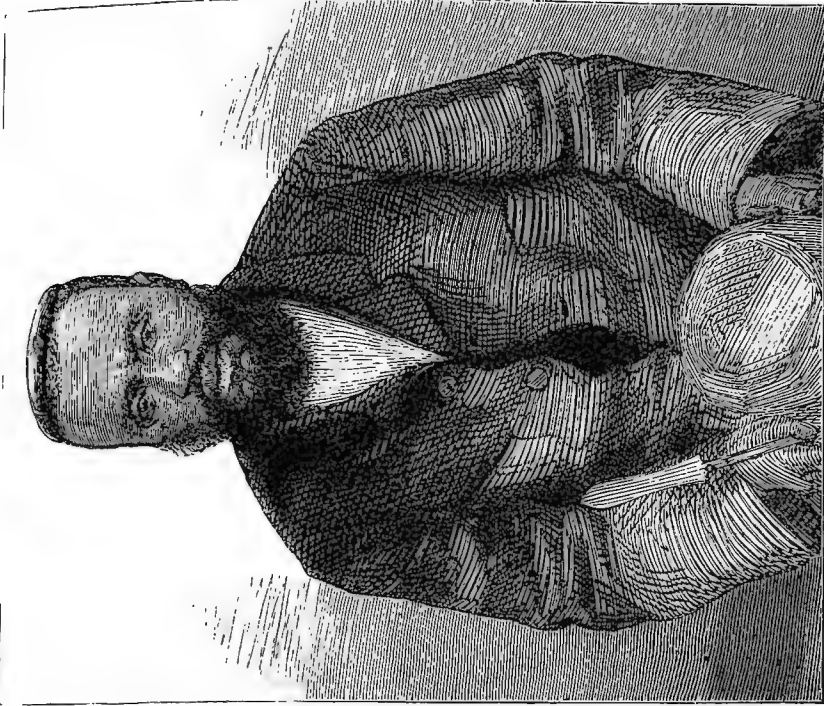




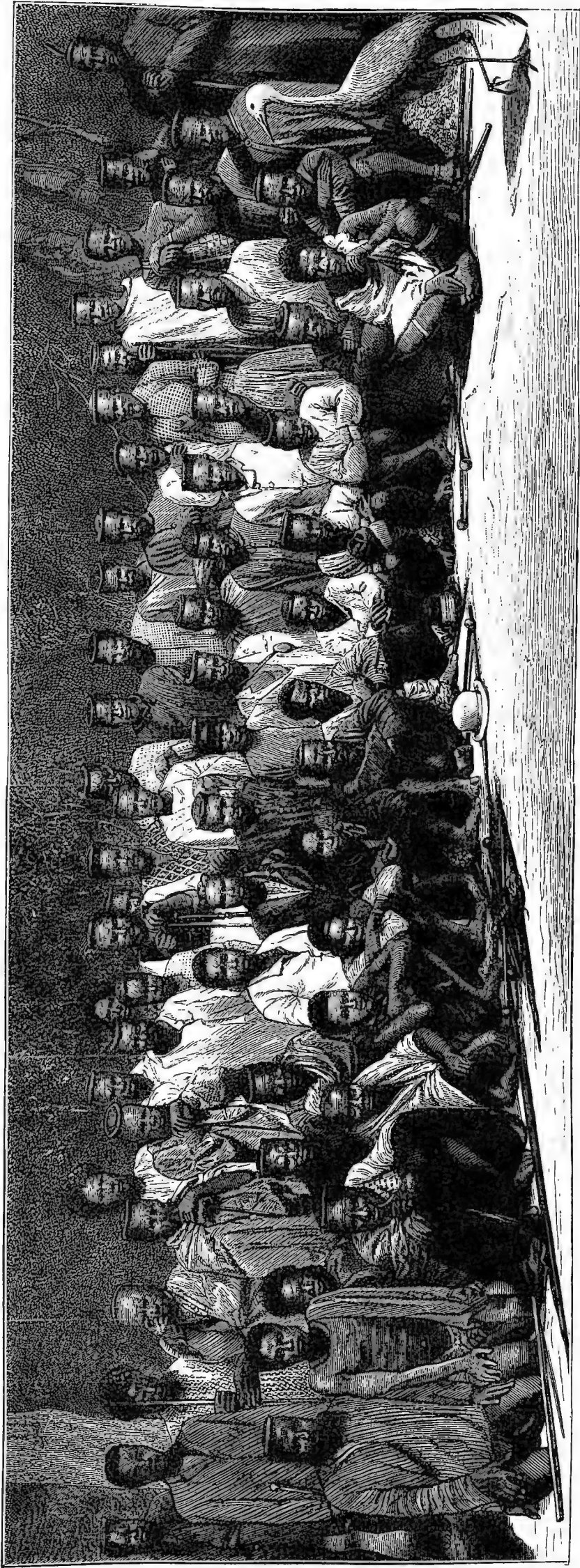
N'DABUKA, CETEWAYO'S BROTHER, AND REGENT FOR CETEWAYO'S ELDEST SON



ONE OF CETEWAYO'S WIVES AND HER MALE ATTENDANT—THE ONLY ROYAL ZULU WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHED



DARULAMANZI, CETEWAYO'S BROTHER



CHIEF DUNN'S MEN—PART OF THE ZULU DEPUTATION OF 1,600 WHO CAME IN TO ASK FOR THE RETURN OF THE KING

THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO



C. T. Studd 52, Tylecote 30, and Vernon 32; and against the Eleven of New South Wales, in the first innings, the total of which was 461, Barlow scored 80, Leslie 144, A. G. Steel 52, and W. W. Read 46, while all the Eleven, except G. B. Studd and Morley (not out), made double figures. Perhaps the victorious career of the Englishmen, which seems to progress something like that of the Australians in this country last year, may like theirs be to a great extent attributed to the practice they are having together, which goes a great way towards perfecting a cricketers' team.—The English team has beaten Eighteen of Launceston and District and a like number of Hobart Town and District.

**AQUATICS.**—At the Universities the preparations for the Putney race are being vigorously made, as the race will probably be rowed on the 17th of March, the Presidents of the Cam and Isis Clubs being very busy "tubbing" their men and taking them short journeys in the eights. After all, Oxford seems in difficulties about a stroke; but this may be overcome. If we may dare to venture a suggestion to both Presidents and "coaches," it is in accordance with an opinion we have long held, and often expressed, to the effect that the crew which is first settled in their places, and, consequently, the first "got together," has a great advantage over the other, even though the latter may have the better material.—Among items in the professional rowing world it may be mentioned that Gibson has been matched to row J. Bowes, over the Thames Championship Course, on the 26th of next month.

### THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, HAWAII

"On Thursday, April 13, 1881, we arrived from Honolulu at Hilo, in Hawaii, and several went ashore at once to engage horses for an early start next morning for the Crater Kilauea, thirty miles away. They found horses plentiful, but prices high, and eventually arranged after much bargaining to pay fifteen dollars for each horse. On Friday, the 14th, we breakfasted at half-past five, and went ashore to the house of Mr. Spencer, the American Consul, in whose yard we found twenty or thirty horses to select from. By seven o'clock every one was ready for a start, or had started; on two pack horses were carried cases of provisions, chiefly liquid, as we were warned that at Volcano House we should not be able to get anything stronger than coffee. The first three miles was a comparatively good road, and we cantered gaily along until we reached the forest, through which, and on an extremely rough and narrow track, we proceeded for another four miles. The foliage and ferns were very beautiful—ferns with leaves from four to eight or more feet long edging the track. The horses climbed up and down the rocky path like goats, and one soon felt perfectly sure that the horses were more to be trusted to find the best road than their riders, so with loose reins we rode along—twenty-six people, including three ladies, three Japanese gentlemen (Mr. Nagasaki, Special Envoy to Honolulu, and his two secretaries), and an officer of King Kalakaua, who was taking care of the diplomatist and his suite. One of the ladies was obliged to ride astride, as only two side-saddles could be obtained; in fact here nearly all the women, both natives and white ride astride, as it is found on the whole most convenient and less fatiguing. Four miles through the forest brought us to the edge of an old lava flow from Mount Monolaua, upon which we rode until we reached the 'Half Way House,' where we unsaddled our horses, and sat down to wait for the pack animals and luncheon. We waited for two hours, and as they did not arrive, determined to push on to the volcano, which we reached about six o'clock, to find that the Japanese and a party of four, including Mr. Frapp, the artist of *The Graphic*, were already there. The Japanese went at once down to the crater, but we appeased our hunger by dining off a very badly cooked and aged bird called by courtesy a turkey. The landlord was drunk and offensive, and we had considerable difficulty in obtaining anything at all, and except that the coffee and bread were good, and that there was an abundant supply of milk, we should have fared badly. Just as it grew dark a thick fog came on, and the guide to the crater said it would be unsafe to visit it until the mist had cleared. About ten o'clock the last of the party, three gentlemen who had been delayed by the horse of one of them losing a shoe, arrived, bringing with them some whisky and sherry, which proved very acceptable. They stated that the remainder of the provisions would arrive in the course of two hours. At eleven o'clock the guide reported weather clear, so a party of twelve set off for the crater, with two lanterns to light their way. The crater consists of two basins, the outer one with precipitous earthen and rocky sides, nine miles in circumference, and two or three hundred feet deep. Descending a rocky path into this, we reached the level of the lava; and after a walk or scramble of a mile or so over this, avoiding fissures and cracks, and stumbling occasionally as a thin upper crust like 'cat's ice' gave way under our feet, we reached the edge of the present crater (nearly circular), and about 600 yards in diameter. Seventy or eighty feet below us was a black steamy expanse of lava, fringed with little waves of fire at the edges, and with two or three fountains of fire bubbling up towards the centre. Below our feet we could hear and feel a dull sound and impulse, like the breakers on a distant beach. Presently there was a change, more fountains burst out of the black plain, bright red cracks shot from one to another, widened and widened, the black lava seeming to sink and curl downwards until nearly the whole expanse was one sheet of molten red-hot lava, the surface oscillated and splashed up at the edges, leaving great drops and clots of lava, looking like boiling blood, on the side of the crater. The glare and heat now were intense, and we were obliged to stand further away to avoid it. For half-an-hour or more we stood watching the crater, which soon looked blacker than when first seen, and our guide told us that we might wait for days and weeks and never see another and equal spectacle. By half-past two o'clock we regained the volcano house to find that the provender had arrived, and soon all were indulging in deep draughts of beer and other fluids until four o'clock, when a second party of four started for the crater. Those who had already been there retired to rest, a few in beds, and the remainder in chairs and on the floor. Next morning the majority of the party started back, and arrived on board the *Ceylon* in twos and threes, up to ten o'clock in the evening; while a few rode as far on their way back as the 'Half-Way House,' where they slept, and returned on Sunday morning to the ship.

"By four o'clock on Sunday, April 16th, all had returned except one lady and a gentleman, who were reported to be not far behind; by half-past seven their non-appearance began to cause alarm for fear they should have met with an accident, and several parties provided with fresh horses and provisions were despatched along the different tracks which they might have taken. One party met a native carrying a note from them, saying that they had lost their way, that the lady's horse had broken down, and that they had returned to the 'Half-Way House.' The fresh horses were sent on with some food and stimulants, and by eight o'clock on Monday morning the wanderers arrived, and we found that when they as they thought lost their way they were on the right track, and within four miles of Hilo. The lady of course was very much exhausted, having had nearly sixty miles of rough riding. After her horse broke down she rode astride the other horse, which must have increased her fatigue, while the unfortunate companion of her misfortune dragged her tired horse for ten miles. These horses literally have to be dragged, as they are unaccustomed to being led, and hang back on the bridle if one attempts to do so."

The foregoing description is by Mr. E. H. Locker, of 54, Belgrave Road, Warwick Square, S.W., who was assistant-surgeon on board the steam yacht *Ceylon* during her voyage round the world.



**POPULAR CONCERTS.**—These entertainments, our chief musical *pabulum* during the winter months, are again, after the accustomed brief interval at Christmas-time, in full activity. That the programmes, selected from the choicest works of recognised masters, have been varied and excellent, it is scarcely requisite to say, Mr. Arrhur Chappell invariably teaching his audiences to expect such art-nourishing provision. While there has been no absolute novelty, little, in short, not more or less familiar to our "unmusical" London amateurs, all has been good of its kind. Herr Joachim having left England for a period, his place is now alternately filled by Madame Norman Neruda and Herr Ludwig Straus, upon whose eminent capabilities it would be superfluous to dilate. Herr Pachmann, the pianist who plays Chopin's music in perfection (but, perhaps, gives a little too much of it), has been succeeded by Madame Sophie Menter, a phenomenon in her way, but, it must be admitted, somewhat unequal in her artistic achievements. In "virtuosity" (whatever that may signify) she takes high rank; but when varied expression is required she occasionally falls short of the mark. Take, as an instance in point, for example, Schumann's *Scènes Mignonnes* ("Carnaval"), to the wonderfully accurate and intelligent rendering of which by Schumann's accomplished widow ("Clara Wieck"), we have been so long habituated. Madame Menter, nevertheless, is a superb executant, and just now a shining star in the firmament of the St. James's Hall. From among specially noticeable features of the three concerts already given must be singled out Mozart's Quartet in F (generally known as "No. 8"), led by Madame Neruda, and that by Mendelssohn in A minor, with Herr Straus as first violin. In each of these the associated artists were MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, the last of whom once more charmed all hearers with his incomparable performance of the justly admired sonata in A major by Boccherini, one of the most prolific of composers. The singers have been Miss Orridge, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Santley, the lady conferring a boon upon her audience by presenting them with two numbers from the famous "Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi. Mr. Hallé is to be the pianist this afternoon, and also on Monday night, when, accompanied by Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti, he will bring forward an acceptable novelty in the shape of a trio (in C major), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Johannes Brahms—one of the most recent works by that deservedly esteemed composer.

**WAIFS.**—The distinguished violinist Herr Wilhelmj was received with genuine cordiality at the first concert in Wiesbaden, after a six years' absence from his native country. The correspondent of the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* speaks of his performances in highly eulogistic terms, and the local papers are equally loud in his praise.—The dates of the forthcoming season of the Philharmonic Society are fixed for Thursdays, Feb. 15th, March 1st and 15th—Wednesdays, April 25th, May 9th and 30th. Mr. W. G. Cusins is still the conductor, and Mr. Henry Hersee hon. sec. The concerts will be held, as usual, in St. James's Hall. Among promised novelties the most interesting are a motet by Cherubini, never yet heard in public, a new orchestral symphony by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, and a "prize-overture," one out of a hundred, the merits of which are to be adjudicated by Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict. What is to become of the rejected ninety-nine, who shall say? Among the pianists who are to appear, every amateur will be gratified to find the accomplished Annette Essipoff, "the pearl of Russian artists."—The idea of lighting the Teatro Comunale at Trieste by electricity has been relinquished; the necessary cost being found too heavy.—The new Teatro Quirino at Rome was recently "inaugurated."—The number of theatres in Italy now open is seventy-two.—Verdi has addressed a letter of condolence to M. Gambetta, father of the recently-deceased statesman.—Madame Albani is to join Mr. Mapleson's operatic company at Chicago.



**THE SEASON.**—Although the weather since the beginning of January has left a good deal to desire, yet it has been an improvement on the last three months of 1882. The floods are slowly draining off the lands, and some progress has been made in field work and sowing. The extraordinary heaviness of the roads is sadly against getting about the farm, and in the hunting-field congratulations over the open weather have not been unminged with complaints of horses knocked up by the terribly hard work consequent on the state of the fields. Farmers are attempting to overtake arrears of work, but it seems likely that in any event the wheat acreage of 1883 will be a small one, perhaps a quarter of a million acres less than that on which last year's crop was grown. The low prices prevailing for wheat ever since harvest have discouraged farmers very much. The woods already begin to show signs of spring: a few primroses appearing, and certain of the earlier weeds breaking thus soon the prevailing brown tints with touches of bright green.

**FEEDING STUFFS.**—Maize, after a long interval of insufficiency, is now being received in quantity enough for the satisfaction of retail wants. At about 32s. per qr. purchases can now be made, and this represents 18s. decline on the highest rates obtained. In a slight degree barley and oats have improved in position with an increased consumptive demand. Currencies, however, are very moderate for both these articles, feeding barley being obtainable as low as 22s., and oats as low as 17s. per qr. The owners of horses and cattle are having "a good time" so far as the price of feeding stuffs can make the time favourable or unfavourable to them.

**CORN RETURNS.**—The new Act on Corn Returns, just come into force, fixes the wheat standard at a qr. of 480 lb., barley qr. of 400 lb., oats 312 lb. The London corn trade uses a qr. of 504 lb. for English wheat, for barley qrs. of 448 lb., 400 lb., and 376 lb., for oats qrs. of 336 lb., 312 lb., and 304 lb. Coombs continue in vogue in East Anglia, and various strange measures still have currency in the North of England. It is greatly to be desired that Government returns should be made per cental, the 100 lb. standard being one that has many advantages. The objections that arise in trade do not occur in a bureau, and calculations in 100 lb. are naturally easier than in 480 lb., 400 lb., and 312 lb.

**AGRICULTURE IN IRELAND.**—A Parliamentary paper just issued shows the extent in acres and the estimated produce of the crops in Ireland for 1882. This shows that the last harvest was unfavourable, being better than 1879, but worse than 1878, 1880, or 1881. To the character of the harvest of 1877 there is a close approximation. The yield of wheat is put at 13 cwt. decrease, oats 10 cwt., barley 11 cwt., potatoes 16 ton, turnips 14 ton, mangel 15 ton, and flax 17 stone. The money depreciation is put at between five and six millions—5,818,617. The great bulk of the

money loss in 1882 is on the potato crop, in which the value-diminution amounts to 4,317,687. These figures are depressing, but they are estimates merely, and though the potato crop is generally admitted to be inferior, yet the poorness of the cereal harvest is by no means so readily conceded. Probably we shall not be far from the truth of the matter if we say that on Ireland in 1882 the sun shone and the rains descended on the whole seasonably and auspiciously, but the constant tendency of much of the land to revert to the bog from which it was reclaimed, together with absence of capital and neglected manuring, combine to make the mean position of affairs at the end of 1882 distinctly worse than at the end of 1881. Capital above all things is needed to restore the fortunes of Ireland.

**POTATO CULTURE.**—Professor Carroll has been visiting the wonderland of science, and has just completed some elaborate researches into the true value of thirty-three different varieties of potato. The highest yield was obtained from the "Reading Hero," with which the "White Rock" is in close competition. The "Scotch Champion" is a very good third; and then follow "Magnum Bonum," "Early Vermont," "Fluke Kidney," "Beauty of Hebron," and "Scotch Down." The remaining twenty-five varieties are far behind. The "White Rock" would probably come out best of all, but for the fact that they are much more liable to disease than the "Reading Hero," which yielded, moreover, within a few pounds of eight tons to the acre. It is worth noting that the average yield per acre for the thirty-three varieties was 5 tons 14 cwt.—a decidedly small figure, and marking the poorness of the mean yield.

**FRUIT CULTIVATION** is steadily increasing in Kent. Plots of various sizes are let off from bigger and timbered estates to tenants who undertake to stub up the roots clean and manure the land, and to place it generally speaking under fruit-crops. On stubbing a plot, it is found expedient to put in potatoes, as a crop of these tubers well manured is found very well adapted for freeing the soil from the deleterious effects of the roots of oak stubbings. After a course of potatoes, or two for safety, with consequent manuring, scarifying, and cleaning, the land is fit to receive strawberry, raspberry, and currant plants as the case may be, for permanent use. The destruction of timber may now often be seen going on vigorously on one estate, while the owner of the opposite hillside is busily planting trees by the thousand. We will not take upon ourselves to condemn either the encourager of petty fruit culture, whereby large profits are being made, or the forester, whose art is once again assuming importance. Modern life, we suppose, is made up of inconsistencies, and so to a great extent is modern agriculture.



**THE JUDGES** sat in the New Law Courts for the first time on Thursday last. Many complaints are heard of insufficient light, of difficulties of hearing aggravated by the constant opening and shutting of doors, and of deficient accommodation for the junior counsel, though these defects, it is hoped, will gradually be remedied. The materials of the old Courts at Westminster are to be sold by auction in the course of next week, and the last vestige of them will be nearly cleared away by the time that Parliament reassembles.

**SOME CURIOUS REVELATIONS** of the supervision exercised over our theatres were made in the course of the prosecution of Mr. Baum for deliberately keeping the Alcazar open without a license. Condemned as unsafe by the architect of the Board of Works, and refused even a provisional license by the Lord Chamberlain, the Alcazar nevertheless opened its doors for pantomime at Christmas, and would possibly be doing a good business still, had not the police determined to put in force the very stringent Act (2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 47) which subjects to arrest and fine every person found without lawful excuse in an unlicensed theatre. As it is, the dangerous building has been closed, and the peccant manager fined 10l. on each of the three summonses taken out against him by the Treasury. Yet had some great disaster happened, such as the Vice-President of the Fire Brigade Associations assures us may happen any night, through persistent violation of the Lord Chamberlain's orders, in another popular London theatre, the police might have found it difficult to explain why, having such great power in their hands, they delayed so long to exercise it.

**MR. JOHN CRUNDEN**, labourer, has scarcely justified the leniency which acquitted him last week at the Central Criminal Court, on a charge of sending a threatening letter to Mr. Gladstone. He has now been brought up at the Middlesex Sessions for breaking a valuable plate-glass window in the shop of a jeweller in Oxford Street. His only defence was that he did not know why he did it, but there was another man with him. As Mr. Crunden has previously suffered penal servitude, as well as a term of imprisonment for forgery, and is believed by his wife not to be responsible for his actions, it is not impossible that, when his new sentence of six months' imprisonment expires, the public will hear of him again.

"News from the invisible world for twenty stamps," and "Talismans for victories over enemies," at prices ranging from 10s. to 5l., still find apparently a ready sale among believing customers of the fairer sex. Unfortunately some of the advertisements of the dealer in these mysteries, John Hartwell *alias* Methratton, the Great Seer of England, *alias* Anna Ross, the Seeress of New York, fell into the hands of an unbelieving Yorkshire Vicar, and caused the magician to be arrested at Birmingham for advertising frauds. Between two and three hundred letters, chiefly from women, and all enclosing money, were found upon him when apprehended. A "seven years' future" was, in most cases, the limit of the writer's desire to foresee things to come.

**THE ADJOURNED INQUEST** on the body of Dr. Edwardes was resumed at Hounslow on Tuesday, when evidence was given by Mrs. Bignell. Dr. Whitmarsh, who was to be examined on Thursday has addressed a long statement to the papers, in which he gives a full account of his business relations with Dr. Edwardes and with other previous partners.

A SINGULAR illustration of the vanity of authors was furnished in the case of Tyrrell v. Whinfield. The testator had left 2,000l. to be expended in publishing his manuscript work, "The Ethics of the Future," the profits to be equally divided between his nephew, Mr. Tyrrell, and the hospital of St. John the Evangelist, Oxford. Four hundred pounds were laid out on a first edition of 500 copies, but of these only twenty-one were sold the first year, and a single copy the year after. The trustees now determined to publish no more, and the hospital kindly waiving its shadowy rights, the balance of 1,600l. will be divided among the parties interested under the will.

A RULE NISI for a new trial in the case of *Belt v. Lawes* was granted last week in the Queen's Bench Division, the Chief Justice declining, however, to express any opinion as to the result of the argument of the rule. Rules were also granted calling on the publishers of *The Times* and the *Observer* to show cause why they should not be dealt with for contempt of Court on account of certain comments published last December on the case of Chamberlain v. Boyd, which might prejudice a jury against the plaintiff.



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**RIDGE'S FOOD.** Gentlemen,—I have sold your Food for many years, and it is only an act of justice towards you that I permit me to state that it has given general satisfaction to all purchasers so general has been that, against much cumulative testimony, its satisfactory results. I have not had a single complaint or evidence of failure on the contrary. There is nothing I sell, and nothing I recommend that gives me and my purchaser greater mutual satisfaction. The shilling tins are the most popular here, and I have seen the emaciated infants "skin and bone" articles (to use a military phrase) give evidence of renewed vitality from one shilling tin; moreover, of course, need had, but in severe cases one shilling has humanly speaking, only saved the undertaker's bill, but the baby's life, and the young mothers know what that means. Its use is not confined to infants, except you in the old age in the sick room. Dr. Ridge's Food is, in fact, more popular than the household halli-  
**RIDGE'S FOOD.** quarter. It must now be supposed that I recommend what I use myself. Dr. Ridge's Food myself, and want nothing to make it nice; a tablespoonful added to broth or soup makes it delicious. I can eat the Food dry and enjoy it; but in the summer a very little added to cold water and boiled and allowed to cool makes a delicious drink, and what is more, nourishing. A dessert-spoonful stirred into a pint of cold water and drank without boiling is also very refreshing, though I have never seen it so recommended; if I am there last summer drink, and customers try it, I shall not be the last to see a difficulty in the way of recommending it (being a Food) as a drink, still the fact is indisputable that it makes a most refreshing summer beverage. Sugar or a little lemon juice may add to its palatability, but I use neither. I use nothing to make Dr. Ridge's Food nice, but I use Ridge's Food to make other things nice. I am persuaded it contains far more nutriment than beef tea for the invalid, for take a pound of beef, there will be 75 per cent. water, of the remaining 25 per cent. there will be some fibre and indigestible matter, never making the nutriment come to a rather high premium per ounce. There is not much water in Ridge's Food, and I should like to state its nutritive properties at over 90 per cent. I should like to see a coloured diagram showing the proportionate advantages in spending one shilling on a tin of "Ridge's Food" as against £1 spent on butcher's meat. I think this would tend to increase the knowledge of the people.—Wishing you success, I am, Gentlemen,  
**RIDGE'S FOOD.** Yours, faithfully,  
**RIDGE'S FOOD.** J. W. SAVILL, F.R.H.S.  
**RIDGE'S FOOD.** Dunmow, Essex.  
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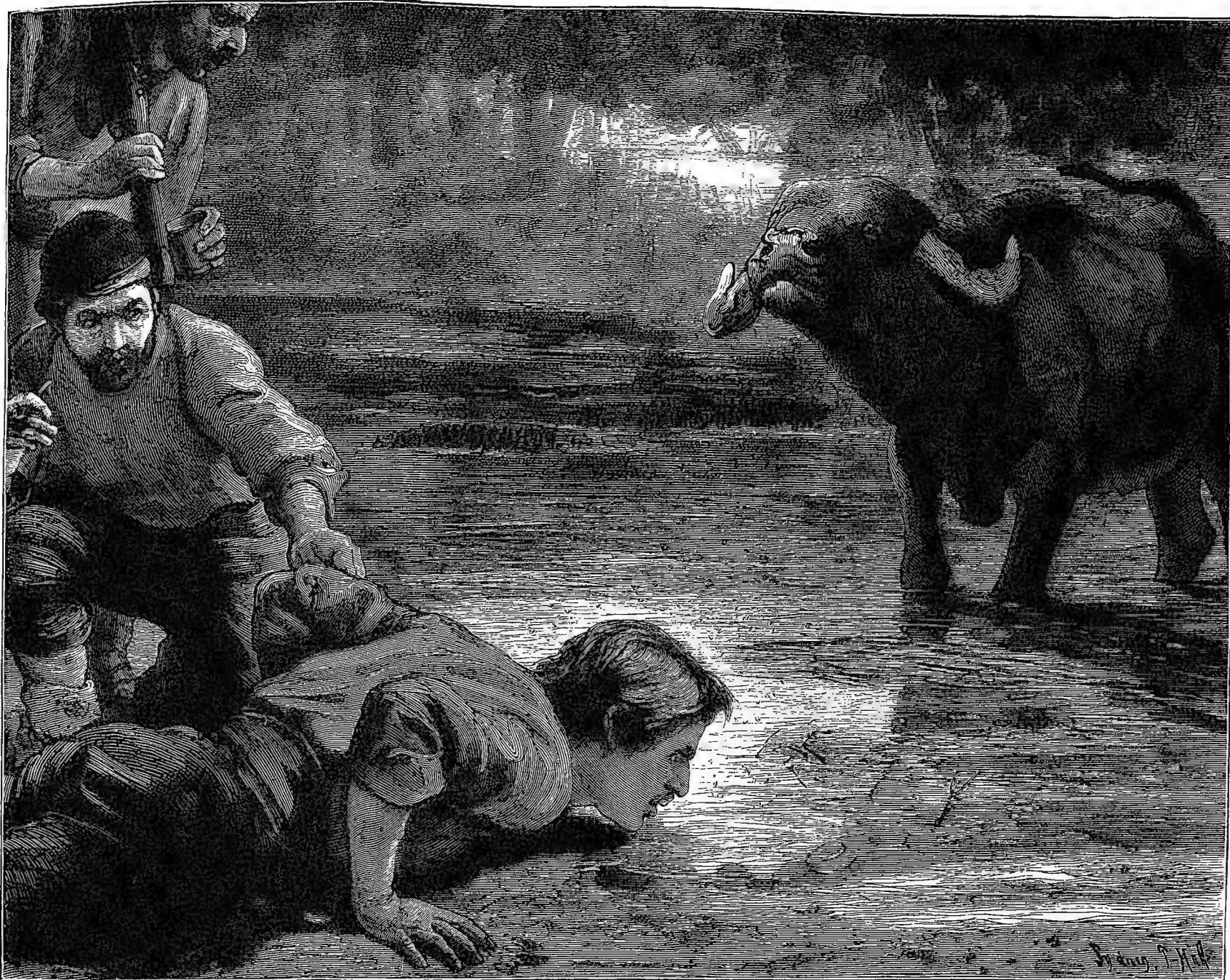
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

"Towards sundown we were right in the midst of the *paludi*, and we halted to rest. Such a wild scene of desolation! I can see it now. A great shallow pool of water, like a plate of blue steel, the blood-red sun flaming behind a tangle of trees, and one black-muzzled buffalo standing knee-deep in the water, and glaring at us like a devil!"

## LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

### CHAPTER V.

LONG after Violet and her aunt were asleep on that night of their first visit to the Guarinis a cabinet council was sitting in the Signora Nina's study. There were Telemaco Bini, and Jules Bonnet, and Peretti, and Carlo Silvotti, and old Giorgi, whose past sufferings from the Bourbon Government of Naples constituted a claim for admission to the intimate councils of his party, where his advice was seldom listened to, and never taken. Masi went away when Miss Moore had departed; and, in any case, he would not have made one of the select company assembled in the study. He had never been made free of the innermost projects of his Radical friends. He called himself a strong Liberal, but he wore the King's uniform, and he had no idea of wearing it disloyally. He had grown up in a period when the banner of the North-Italian Monarchy had been the banner of revolt; when Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were comrades fighting for the same cause, and Cavour and Mazzini accomplices conspiring for the same ends. Masi was a man of the South. The enthusiasm of those long-oppressed provinces for those who drove out their jailors and let in the daylight by dint of battering down their prison doors had formed an integral part of his youth, and the impressions of that time could no more be effaced or dimmed in his mind than the halo which transfigured the memory of his mother. He had fought as a boy volunteer under Garibaldi, had swelled the frantic shouts which greeted the Dictator's arrival in Palermo, had cheered the King through the streets of Naples, and welcomed the entry of the Italian troops into Rome as the crowning canto of the great national epic.

This was by no means the tone of mind of the thorough-going Democrats who frequented Casa Guarini. They were anti-monarchical to a man. With many of them conspiracy had come to be a career, and other men follow medicine or the law. Successes had been obtained which twenty years previously would have seemed the "baseless fabric of a vision" to many who now spurned at them, impatient for a further advance. It is difficult to realise whilst we are running that the chase is what allures us, and not the prey. They declared that they had always regarded the union of Italy under one Sovereign as a means, and not an end. Some were sincere in so declaring. Others had no distinct conception as to

whither they desired to move; they only wished to keep moving. A taste for felling trees and clearing jungle is a very different thing from a talent for cultivating the cleared land. There were a few sincere enthusiasts who cherished an ideal, and were impatient of the plodding workers in the present—those men of the mean time, who, with humble compromises and concessions to stubborn fact, keep open prosaic safety-valves for all kinds of social ferments. The majority of the smaller fry simply enjoyed the pleasure of being in permanent opposition, an attitude which enabled them to make a great deal of noise with absolutely no expenditure of ideas. Many of Guarini's political friends and satellites had no definite aim in view, except the one persistent aim of turning out the party in power for the time being. There were honest men among them, men who were poor because of their honesty. But it was noticeable and singular that those who were themselves incapable of rascality yet believed in the rascality of all their opponents and some of their partisans.

Amidst all the various aspirations and ambitions of a purely political nature there fermented in certain groups a leaven of less allowable speculations. All kinds of schemes for getting money by the stroke of a Ministerial harlequin's wand—for, in short, solving the problem how to produce something from nothing—were rife in sundry fervid brains. It was not merely that the commonplace methods of toil and trouble were too slow and unalluring, but there was also at the bottom of their hearts a *naïf* sentiment that it was personally unfair to them for the enemy to monopolise all the sweets of dishonesty in power. When the model Republic and Universal Brotherhood of Nations should be victoriously established all men would, of course, have clean hands and scrupulous consciences. But meanwhile it was really too hard that "the Government" should exclusively enjoy the interim crop of monarchical abuses and privileges. Of conspirators made of sterner stuff, and cherishing more dangerously subversive views, there were very few among them. The fervency of patriotic indignation against brutal oppression, which had formerly made men ready to risk life and all that makes life dear, was dying down for want of fuel. If many abuses still remained unremedied, they were not of that sort which stirs the heart of a nation to its depths. The most earnest enthusiasts among the Radical party were one or two men who were filled with a passionate sympathy for the inarticulate sufferings of the peasantry.

And philanthropic enthusiasm, though it can move mountains, does not make revolutions.

The present question being discussed in the Guarinis' house was neither philanthropic nor revolutionary. It was at bottom financial. Gino Peretti took to himself the chief credit of having conceived the scheme, but Bini laid claim to some part in it. The fact was it had taken form and shape among them by indefinable degrees, as a cloud grows. The main outline of the project was briefly this:—A certain outlying portion of the Pontine Marshes was to be drained, reclaimed, and planted by a company constituted for that end—was to yield enormous profits to the company, and incalculable benefits to the agricultural poor of the whole district. It is seldom that doing good can be made financially profitable. But here was a scheme, as Peretti declared, which furnished the means at once of satisfying the consciences and filling the pockets of the benevolent. The demon of malaria was to be expelled from his stronghold, the fever-blighted peasant to be made fat and rosy, the prosperity of unborn generations ensured to Italy in the future, and enormous dividends granted to patriotic shareholders in the present.

"We should only want a small Government grant to start us, and the exclusive concession of all contracts for executing the works—draining, road-making, planting, and so on," said Peretti, with his brassy cheerfulness.

"A grant, h'm? You'll get no grant out of the present men," said Guarini.

"Why not?"

"They can't do it. They've got no money. Besides, they wouldn't venture it just now."

"They never venture anything for the right people," observed old Giorgi, taking snuff, contemptuously. "Look at me! If I had been a friend to the Bourbons or the nephew of a Bishop, I should have been enjoying a fat sinecure by this time. But for a patriot who has been lamed in the cause, and passed a quarter of a century in exile, there is nothing to be found. Why, at this moment in the Municipality—"

Peretti interrupted him unceremoniously. "My dear friend, those are all stories of the year One! It's no use going back to all that. The question is what is to be done in the present. I'm not so sure about our getting no grant, Beppe."



Guarini shook his head. "No, no," said he; "it won't do. The newspapers of the Right would scream like pigs in a slaughter-house! And the Ministry isn't strong enough in the House to defy them on such a point as that."

M. Jules Bonnet, who understood Italian sufficiently to follow the sense of the conversation, here made a practical suggestion. "Why," said he, "should this be made a political question at all? Could not some members of—the Clerical party, for instance, be got to come forward with their names as directors of the company? Then the Ministry is at once perceived not to be serving its own friends, but to be forwarding a project useful to the country at large."

"Out of the question," exclaimed Carlo Silvotti, hotly. "Our side would be against the thing to a man if you had one Clerical name on the list. I should for one!"

"Nobody would believe that the Clericals wanted anything useful to the country at large," grumbled Giorgi. "You wouldn't catch any of our birds with that chaff!"

"Besides," observed Peretti, with an elaborate wink, "we don't mean to let the Reverends have their finger in the dish at all. They're not fools. They won't draw any chestnuts out of the fire for nothing!"

Bonnet shrugged his shoulders. "With us the thing could be managed," said he.

Telemaco Bini began to exalt the admirable nature of the project. With the least little official push from the Ministry, it would be launched successfully; and, once launched, it would swim from success to success.

"Well, you'll get no grant in money," repeated Guarini, puffing out a mouthful of smoke from his cigar. "I can tell you that beforehand."

Silvotti looked quickly at him, and then as quickly at Peretti, who puffed out a bigger volume of smoke than Guarini, and fixed his eyes contemplatively on the ceiling. "Whom does the main part of the land belong to now?" asked Nina, continuing the manufacture of a cigarette, which had apparently been absorbing her attention.

"Ah, *brava*, La Signora Nina!" cried Bini, nodding his head with emphatic approbation. "That's a question to the point—the vital point. The Signora Nina has a wonderful head!"

"Well," asked Nina, perfectly ungrateful for this eulogium, "do none of you know to whom the land belongs? It would have been a blunder not to find out."

Peretti, who never could get over a lurking jealousy of the Signora's feminine influence in their councils, and who was, moreover, a little afraid of her, and consequently owed her a grudge, answered, brusquely: "You need not concern yourself about that, Signora. I'm not apt to make blunders in business."

"Oh, yes, you are, my dear Peretti!" answered Nina, coolly. "Very apt indeed. Most men are. But I will say this for you: you never own it! And that is an advantage."

There was a general laugh, in which Peretti joined with stentorian insincerity.

"I know the district pretty well," said Giorgi; "at least if it is the part of the Pontine Marshes which I suppose."

Bini pulled a map out of his pocket, and spread it open on the big writing-table. "There is the bit we want to operate on, to begin with," said he, pointing to a portion of the map more soiled than the rest by frequent fingering, and circumscribed by a red line.

Giorgi put on his spectacles, and contemplated it. "Yes, yes; to be sure," he said. "It is the neighbourhood I thought. Three of us hid there for five days from Bomba's gendarmes."

A group gathered round the old man, with questions and exclamations. For once Giorgi's interminable reminiscences had touched a point of immediate interest.

"Yes," said he; "that is the place. How well I remember the day we got off from Terracina! Mellini had a piece of *ricotta*\* in his pocket, wrapped in vine-leaves. That's all the food we had among us! Afterwards we got bread from some herdsmen; but that wasn't till next day. Towards sundown we were right in the midst of the *paludi*, and we halted to rest. Such a wild scene of desolation! I can see it now. A great shallow pool of water, like a plate of blue steel, the blood-red sun flaming behind a tangle of trees, and one black-muzzled buffalo standing knee-deep in the water, and glaring at us like a devil!"

"Not a healthy spot, eh?" said Silvotti.

"Healthy! The air is slow poison, and the water is quick poison! No one ventures to sleep within five miles of that jungle. Even the buffalo herdsmen trudge farther afield to pass the night, and then they sleep with their heads in the smoke of a fire of green faggots. But we slept there. We were half dead with fatigue, and would have slept on the crater of Vesuvius. Luckily we had a good provision of tobacco in our pockets, and we smoked till we dropped asleep."

"And the fever—did none of you take the fever?" asked Silvotti.

"Of course, we all took it. Poor Mellini died of it at last, weeks afterwards. The other man and I struggled through. I believe the reason was that we refrained from drinking the water of that shallow pool. I knew that was poison; but Mellini, poor boy, was young and impetuous, and he was parched with thirst. He lay down on his stomach at the edge of the pond, and drank like a dog. Ah, ah, how well I remember it all!"

"No doubt it is unhealthy now," said Telemaco Bini. "But drainage will soon set that to rights."

"Why, the unhealthiness is one of the great points in our case!" roared Peretti. "The honest peasant dies there of his labour. His daily bread is steeped in poison—eh! That's the way to put it. Drain the marshes, and you save the honest peasant—rescue him from the feudal tyranny of his noble proprietors, and all that! Eh?"

"And who are his noble proprietors?" asked Nina again. "Because, if you come to a question of expropriations, that will be all important."

"Some of the land we have in view belongs to the State—that is to say, it was ecclesiastical property, and has been incorporated. So far that would be pretty plain sailing," said Bini.

"Ay; but a large tract here," said Giorgi, drawing a snuffy forefinger across nearly half the space enclosed within the red line. "This tract stretching away to the south-east doesn't belong to the State."

"To whom, then?" asked Nina, advancing for the first time to the table, and looking over Giorgi's shoulder.

The old man enjoyed the general suspense for a moment. It was so rare a thing for him to be attended to. "That great tract," said he, at length, very slowly, "belongs to the most noble and illustrious Signor His Excellency the Duke of Pontalto."

"Ciccio Nasoni!"

"Count of Pantanello, Baron of Rocca Sterile, Knight of the Pontifical Order of St. Boniface, &c., &c., &c."

"Ciccio Nasoni!" repeated Nina. "And you didn't know this, Peretti?"

"I don't know it now," rejoined Peretti, brutally. "My information was that there were practically only two parties to be reckoned with—the State and the San Gemignanos. Where the Duke of Pontalto comes in perhaps Giorgi can tell us."

"But don't you remember," said Nina, clasping her hands, "that Ciccio's mother was a San Gemignano, and that he is his mother's heir?"

\* A preparation of pressed curds.

"Devil take the San Gemignanos, root and branch!" cried Peretti, irritated by Giorgi's silent smile of triumph.

"Well, well," put in Beppe Guarini, "the whole thing is yet in an elementary state. Nothing explicit has been said about it outside ourselves." And he made a circular movement with his hands to include all those present.

"Of course," answered Peretti. "That's just what I tried to say. There has not been time to get up the details. But the ladies are so impatient. They think everything can be done in a flash!"

The Signora Nina took this with perfect good humour, and made no retort. She was strong enough to allow Peretti the satisfaction of the last word. It was a curious spectacle to behold this giant, massive of frame, brassy of voice, and impudent of temper, quivering at the slightest hurt to his self-conceit. Most of his acquaintances were unaware of this kind of sensitiveness in him. He said rough things, and heard rough things, and overbore opposition with an assumption of noisy *bonhomie*, and felt himself equal to most situations. But he had a suspicion that Nina Guarini saw through him under all circumstances, and he had a well-founded objection to be seen through. Moreover, he was persuaded that Nina Guarini had no admiration for his abilities, and but a poor opinion of his jokes. This persuasion embittered him most of all; for a total absence of self-respect is compatible with boundless vanity. In reality he was a good deal thrown out by the discovery that Ciccio Nasoni owned some of the coveted land. It would necessitate some fresh combinations, and setting to work in a new way.

"The thing to do," observed Jules Bonnet, "would be to run a railway right through the district." Bini shook his head. A railway would only raise the price of land. There was not the least necessity, nor even use, for a railway in those parts at present.

"No," assented Beppe, "not at present. Nevertheless, Bonnet is very right. If the company were in possession of land through which it was proposed to run a railway, the value of the shares would rise immediately. Of course the company must be in possession first."

"Of course," said Jules Bonnet. Bini nodded.

"Ta, ta, ta!" exclaimed Peretti, clicking his thumb and forefinger against one another. "Let the company once be in possession of the land, and things will go smooth enough, I'll answer for it. We must get at the Ministry somehow. Beppe, you might do something to help us poor devils. We can't all have the *lick*!"—he was about to add "of owning two influential newspapers of different colours," but he thought it prudent to suppress the sneer and change his sentence—"we can't all be in a position to forward the good cause."

"I have told you that you won't get a stiver of subsidy," said Beppe.

Silvotti whispered behind his hand to old Giorgi: "Do you see? He has ascertained that; so the thing has been talked over already!"

"Well, let the subsidy alone for the present," rejoined Peretti. "Are they willing to push the thing, and give us the concession for making the roads? And, if they're not willing, are we strong enough to make 'em? What pressure can we bring to bear on them? Those are the points, straight and plain. I never beat about the bush. I speak out. I'm not afraid of saying what I mean." And so on, with a blare of self-trumpeting, but with one eye on Guarini.

Beppe was of opinion that the Ministry, even with the best will in the world, could not openly venture to patronise the scheme. It was, of course, an immaculate scheme. It originated in lofty and patriotic motives. It was calculated to do good to the peasant class—those "hungry brothers," of whom Bini spoke so affectionately in the Chamber, but for whose comfort he had hitherto been able to propose only the Barmecide feast of giving them all votes without stint or measure. It was a noble scheme. But such was the incurable ignobility of the Right that the purity of the Ministers' motives would be suspected. That, to be sure, would be of less consequence if the compactness of the Left could be depended on. But, unfortunately, even among the Left, there were jealousies, and divisions, and suspicions. Several men who had no chance of getting into the company would take that opportunity of denouncing Ministers for supporting it.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the council broke up. They did not appear to have settled very definitely what to do. But Beppe Guarini had arrived at a clear determination what *not* to do. He would not advance money for the furtherance of the scheme in its present phase. This determination, however, he did not think it necessary to announce. Giorgi was in unusually good spirits. For once he saw a prospect of some hopefulness for himself. As he limped downstairs side by side with Carlo Silvotti, whose pace was retarded by the operation of trying to light a restive cigar, the old man said, confidentially: "Well, if they do get up this company, they'll give me some post or other. As to shares, I have no money to invest. Of course, a patriot who has been in exile—"

"Confound—!" broke in Carlo.

"What?"

"This cigar. Confound this Government cigar! It won't draw. I wonder what the *Regia* really do make their cigars of! It's a fearful speculation, and opens appalling vistas which no man has yet fathomed."

"As I was saying, if the company is established—"

Puff from Carlo. "Yes."

"They'll give me a secretaryship at least, I should think, eh?"

"Very"—puff—"likely."

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Beppe Guarini inquired of his wife with some curiosity why she invited that little English girl and her aunt, Nina replied, "Because I like Violet." And it was true. Nina Guarini possessed a great independence of the world's judgment. And she cared very little at the bottom of her heart whether the old Princess Nasoni anathematised her, or the Marchesa del Ciuffo pronounced her, with a shrug, to be "not of our *monde*, you know." Several circumstances which were quite within the range of possibility might arise to induce either of those noble ladies to receive her. In fact, La Nina might long ago have made her appearance in the Palazzo Nasoni had it so pleased her. Don Silvestro Tramezzani, editor of the *Rome of the Romans*, was at one time in intimate business relations with Guarini. And Don Silvestro had but to tell the Princess Nasoni that such and such a person was actively serving the cause of the Church either with money or brains, to ensure that person's being treated with civility by the whole of the "Black" circle over which the old Princess held undisputed sway. But La Nina did not wish to go to the Palazzo Nasoni. It would be ineffably dull, and would compromise her with her own friends. "It may sometimes be necessary," said Nina, "to pay the price of being bored to the verge of melancholy madness, in order to obtain certain things. When it is necessary, I brave boredom. But we can get whatever we want from the Princess's set at a cheaper rate; and why go beyond the market value?" As to the Del Ciuffo, Nina's feeling for her was one of perfectly good-humoured contempt. A woman who could paint herself with such blundering unskillfulness need not be taken seriously.

But Nina, although she could set her face as a flint against the brassiness of such a woman as the Del Ciuffo, would have been hurt to know the contents of stupid Mrs. Lucas's letter to Miss Baines. It may be taken as a rule that no woman desires the genuine respect of good women who does not in some degree deserve it. Nina knew much and divined more of what was said

about her in the *salons* of Roman society. She understood the people who mainly composed it, and despised most of them without rancour. But she would not have been indifferent to the ill opinion of simple, inexperienced Violet Moore. From the beginning of their chance acquaintance in a Swiss hotel she had been attracted by the girl's unfeigned sweetness and candour. Worldly-wise people would have shaken their heads in pity over Violet's ignorant infatuation with the charming Madame Guarini, and yet Violet's innocence had a truer insight than their suspicion. The worldly-wise people might have been right in deprecating such a friendship for the English girl; but they would have been right on wrong grounds. Far from encouraging any disregard of the *convenances*, Nina constantly impressed on her young friend the necessity of observing them. Violet must not go out alone—must not receive visitors in her aunt's absence—must not do this or that.

When Violet became more intimate with her, and heard something of the social philosophy that was preached in Casa Guarini, she used to protest a little against these police regulations. "Dear Signora Nina," she would say, "why do you tell me not to do such innocent things? I have heard you speak against all this suspicious system, and say how much better society is in countries where women are more trusted."

But Nina shook her head. "All these theories you speak of are well and good," said she, "and I hold by them. But they must be inaugurated by a different sort of person from my little Violetta. You are not cut out for a pioneer of female emancipation."

Sometimes, however, Violetta's stubborn *Britishness* rebelled outright. "I am an English girl, and I will behave like an English girl," she declared. "It would be absurd to shut myself up in prison because foreign girls are not allowed to walk out alone. And if people here think it improper, I don't care! If one does right, isn't that enough?"

"Enough for what? Not enough to save you from martyrdom," Nina would answer. Nina's consciousness of how she herself was spoken of in sundry Roman circles made her far more anxious that Violet should be safely hedged in by the proprieties than another woman might have been. The experiences of her life, which contained many pages blurred with tears and scorched with fire, had not persuaded her to disbelieve in goodness when she saw it. But it had made her profoundly sceptical as to other people's belief in goodness.

In spite of their intimacy with the Guarinis, Miss Baines and her niece did not penetrate into any other Italian society. One reason for this was that very few women frequented the Guarini *salon*. This circumstance had troubled Miss Baines a good deal at first. Captain Masi, to whom she once hinted her surprise at it, and her wish to see some of the Duke of Pontalto's female relatives, answered that the noble ladies of the House of Nasoni were for the most part horrid old frights, and thought he had given a conclusive reason against wishing to make their acquaintance.

"But none of those gentlemen at Madame Guarini's bring their wives with them," said Miss Baines. "It seems so odd to our notions."

"Well," answered Masi laughing, "that can't be a great deprivation to you and Miss Violet. I never heard that ladies were so fond of each others' society."

Whereupon Miss Baines took refuge in her knitting, hopeless of making him comprehend her state of mind on the subject of Madame Guarini's *salon*.

Indeed, none of her male Italian acquaintances sympathised with her perplexities on this score; and she had one or two male Italian acquaintances besides Mario Masi. Old Giorgi became a constant visitor at Miss Baines's lodgings. He came ostensibly to give Italian lessons to Violet, but he stayed to harangue Miss Baines in his fluent foreign English. The two struck up an odd kind of friendship, which was not seriously hindered by their minds being as far as the poles asunder upon almost every conceivable question. Miss Baines had gradually got over her fear of his fierce eyebrows and violent modes of expression. Giorgi had one merit in the eyes of a shy person: he required nothing from a companion but the power of enduring his eloquence without going to sleep. Then he was serviceable in a variety of small ways. Nothing delighted him more than to be entrusted with some little commission. He would haggle and bargain for an hour, expending five francs' worth of time to save twopenny; and would appear triumphant at Miss Baines's tea-table with a brown paper parcel and the detailed narrative of the exploit. Above all, his familiar knowledge of her language was delightful to Betsy Baines. His long residence in England had made it possible for her to speak to him as carelessly as she would speak to a countryman of her own, with the certainty of being understood. And this was no light advantage; for she had learned by experience that her idiomatic unstudied utterances were liable to amazing misapprehension on the part of foreigners who fancied they knew English.

To Giorgi Miss Baines had expressed her perplexity as to the reason why ladies absented themselves from the Guarinis' house. But she had gained no elucidation from him—chiefly because he used her inquiries as a text against the prejudiced, pig-headed prudery of the English. Giorgi had gathered a bundle of impressions and opinions as to what English people were likely to say and do and think under sundry given circumstances. And these he used to make dogmatic generalisations, wholly regardless of the fluctuation of individual facts. Another guest, who occasionally appeared at Miss Baines's modest tea-table, was Telemaco Bini. But with him it was impossible for her to communicate save in dumb show. Indeed, he did not talk much to any one; but would sit for an hour at the time eating biscuits, drinking weak tea, and furtively gazing at Violet with so gloomy an expression of countenance that Miss Baines was made quite nervous by it. Beyond this oddly-assorted group, and the people whom they met at the Guarinis, Miss Baines and her niece knew no Italians at all. The rest of their acquaintances in Rome were country people of their own: one or two residents who returned every winter, and a sprinkling of tourists of the class who frequent foreign boarding-houses. They met with no one so full of information about the private history of the Guarinis as Mrs. Lucas's anonymous friends. Most of the English with whom they came in contact had never heard of Beppe, nor of the Signora Nina. The aunt and niece kept that part of their Roman experiences quite apart and separate from their English tea-drinkings and parties to visit the sights of Rome. At first Miss Baines had been a little apt to boast in a quiet way about the persons of quality whom she met at the Guarinis. She had been fluttered and flattered by the receipt of two of Ciccio Nasoni's visiting cards, which she left for some time in a conspicuous position on the chimney-piece; and had discovered with an inward elation of the spirit that the fat Deputy with the small feet, who always called her Meess, was a Marquis. But when Violet explained to her that the Duke of Pontalto had merely sent his cards by a servant, as an act of courtesy considered imperative according to Italian customs; and that the fat Deputy, Marquis though he were, was a person of no social consequence, and not half so influential in any way as Gino Peretti, the oil-merchant, Miss Baines was to a great degree silenced. But all the same, she cherished the joy of having received a Duke's visiting card and shaken hands with a Marquis, as a possession of which time itself could not wholly rob her. And in her letters home she compensated herself to some extent for her enforced reticence in Rome.

Miss Baines had not many correspondents. Mrs. Lucas, although a mere travelling acquaintance, continued to write to her occasionally in the course of her journey by easy stages back to England. Mrs. Lucas appeared to have forgotten all about the Guarinis, and



expended her "choice language" on subjects more immediately interesting to herself. But the one person to whom Miss Baines wrote with unfailing punctuality was Uncle Joshua. Uncle Joshua seldom replied to her letters, but he would have resented any neglect in writing to him. Violet was remiss on this point. She had no special affection for her Uncle Joshua, and declared that she never knew what to say to him. But Betsy Baines wrote to him regularly. She was tremblingly alive to the importance of keeping up Uncle Joshua's interest in Violet. Mr. Higgins, who was a childless widower, had expressed his intention of leaving the bulk of his money to his great-niece, Violet Moore, subject, however, to the vague condition "if she behaves herself to please me." The old man had been fond of his niece, Violet's mother, and had petted Violet herself when she was a golden-haired, chubby toddler. But as the latter grew older the relations between her grand-uncle and herself had not been altogether so satisfactory. Violet developed a reprehensible habit of differing from Uncle Joshua's expressed opinion on more than one subject. Especially she differed from him in her estimate of her Aunt Betsy. Mr. Higgins was tyrannical with Betsy, and domineered over her, having but a low opinion of her intelligence. Violet, on the contrary, he pronounced to be "a sharp little monkey" and a "cute little minx," and the old man would chuckle at her saucy speeches, and encourage her with pennies to "take a rise out of Aunt Betsy."

Quite involuntarily, however, Mr. Higgins was the means of more strongly attaching Violet to her aunt. As she grew beyond babyhood she perceived, with a child's quick sense of injustice, that gentle Aunt Betsy was unfairly judged and unkindly treated, and, with a child's rash impatience of compromise, would have had her resent and resist Uncle Joshua's unsympathetic sayings and doings. Many a struggle had Betsy Baines to prevent the girl from openly defying the old man, and many a scheme had she devised to keep secret from Violet some instance of his tyranny or coarse feeling towards herself. Mr. Higgins was reputed by many of his acquaintances to be a very generous, kind-hearted man. And, in fact, he was not avaricious. But he coveted power, and influence, and supremacy in his narrow circle. Little ambitions whose sphere is circumscribed by the parish boundaries are quite as absorbing as big ones whose limits are commensurate with the surface of the globe. With all her humility and desire to conciliate him for Violet's sake, Miss Baines had no gift of flattery. She had never been able to win upon her uncle by any conscious efforts of her own. One source of irritation to him—totally unguessed by his niece—was her possession of a small independent income. The one circumstance which, more than any other, had softened him towards her of late years was her feeble health. Not that he was particularly susceptible of pity from that cause, but it was agreeable to him to contrast his niece's weakness with his own strength. "Look at me," he would say; "old enough to be Betsy's father, and never ill in bed for one day for forty years! Ah, this generation's but a poor lot! I don't know what they're made of!" And on the receipt of each letter from Italy he went about telling his friends that that goose, Betsy Baines, had got small good from travelling all the way to Rome in search of health. "Not an ounce of stamina! No constitution! I could have told her that Italy wouldn't make her strong. Climate's all gammon! Nobody talked about change of air when I was young. If you can't be well in Dozebury, you can't be well anywhere!" And the people who had no prospect of living elsewhere than in Dozebury said that was very true.

The life in Dozebury, although it was but a year since she had left it, seemed strangely far away to Violet. Sometimes, on the receipt of one of her Uncle Joshua's rare letters, a chance word, an allusion to some familiar person or circumstance, startled her by recalling things so utterly apart from her present associations. She felt as if she had in a sense outgrown Dozebury during the last year. It would all seem very small and poor and dull after Rome!

But one day, as she sat alone at needlework, she began to think of Switzerland; recalling the Lake of Geneva, and her first glimpse of the great snow mountains, and all her enthusiasms. And, with a sinking of the heart, she was suddenly aware that not only Dozebury but the Lake and the Alps would seem dull and empty and shorn of their glory if she were to return to them to-morrow. The hot blood rushed over her cheeks and brow, and then receding left her pale. She leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes in a strange languor that was like a waking dream. For weeks past an inarticulate sentiment had been in her heart—a consciousness that the great spell had been cast over her, and that the world would be no more to her as it had been before she saw Mario Masi, for ever and for ever. But an inarticulate sentiment is like a spirit impalpable. Now that thought had clothed her feeling with words, it took shape and form, and was a ghost no longer, but a living, breathing reality that must be reckoned with. As she leaned back with closed eyes, little tremors ran through her frame—she could scarcely tell whether of pleasure or pain. At some moments a wave of emotion rushed over her and drowned thought. Then came the cold fit of fear. How could it ever be? Did he think of her? Did he care for her? She was foolish and self-deluding! It could never be. Her thoughts did not busy themselves to consider what would be their chances of happiness even if Mario loved her with all his heart's devotion. That in itself would be enough for happiness. She looked no further. Few persons who saw them together could have doubted what Masi's feeling was towards the girl. But all her life was set upon the hazard, and she did not dare to believe. What was she, that this ineffable good should befall her? How could she hope for such unexampled happiness? The old, old story is new to each of us in turn. The great emotions do not lose their power of surprising and transporting because they have been said and sung of for a thousand years. Sunrise is a spectacle which never grows old, though we do.

Violet was aroused from the languorous trance which held her body motionless as with a charm, and filled her soul with vague images flowing on like the ever-changing, still succeeding ripples of a stream. Her aunt had entered the room, and was looking at her.

"Violet! Violet, are you asleep? I have just had a letter from Uncle Joshua. He says we are to go home."

(To be continued)

## MONTHLY ART LITERATURE FOR JANUARY

In point of letter-press the *Magazine of Art*, as usual, takes the first position. The Editor leads with a characteristic and unusually suggestive chapter on "Millet as an Art Critic." Millet's attitude towards the work of the Romanticists—the work of Delaroche and Horace Vernet, of Ary Scheffer and Boulanger, of Gericault and Delacroix—is very clearly defined, but is scarcely more interesting than his views regarding Boucher and Watteau, Velasquez and Murillo, Mantegna and Lippo Lippi. "The gods of his idolatry," however, were Poussin and Michael Angelo; he made "their precept and example the basis of his accomplishment." It is difficult indeed to say which is the more notable—Millet's criticism of his contemporaries and the old Masters, or the Editor's criticism of Millet. Mr. Aaron Watson contributes a pleasant article on "The Coaly Tyne," in which he very justly pleads for that historic stream the distinction of being a "painter's river;" and Professor Colvin commences an interesting and critical account of the pictures under his care at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. "Art in the Nursery" is both admirable and amusing, the description of Mr. Caldecott's picture of the Cat and the Fiddle being as good as anything of its kind we remember. Leader Scott writes with discrimination of Giovanni Dupré, the

sculptor who died just a year ago; and Mr. Austin Dobson sings with grace and pathos "The Ballade of the Thrush." The most remarkable thing about Mr. Harry Barnett's jottings on the "Pipes of all Peoples" is that they are illustrated by himself; and the most remarkable thing about the illustrations is that they are not a good deal better than they are. Of the illustrations in the number generally, indeed, not much by way of praise can be awarded. "Starting for Work," after Millet, is but moderately good; though the view of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle has been cut by Mr. Harmsworth with ability and feeling. The other cuts in this series are hard and commonplace, whilst the so-called reproductions of the Venetian pictures at Cambridge are unintelligent, and even mean. The pictures in "Art in the Nursery," being *cliches* don't count; whilst the block of "La Barque du Dante," after Delacroix, with its hard, metallic effect, is conspicuous for the unexampled success with which the mystery—and therefore half the impressiveness—of the original has been destroyed. Altogether the *Magazine of Art*, as an illustrated periodical, might be very much improved.

*Art and Letters* shows an advance on previous numbers. The portrait of Corot is vivacious and striking; though it cannot be said that the somewhat rough engravings after his pictures do more than faintly suggest the grand qualities of the originals.—The superficial sketch of "Michael Angelo" as a sculptor is continued, with some moderately good illustrations; and we have a third chapter on "Some Modern Italian and Spanish Painters."

The frontispiece to the *Art Journal* is a dry and dull "etching" after Mr. Alma Tadema's "Quiet Pets."—The steel engraving is by Mr. Armytage, after Mr. Briton Riviere's humorous presentment of "The Fox and the Geese."—"Movement in the Plastic Arts"—that is to say, "every art in which the actual form of objects is imitated"—is the title of an interesting paper by Mr. Walter Armstrong, in which are given some curious facts regarding the action of horses as shown in Egyptian *bas-reliefs*, the "Colleoni" of Verrocchio and Leopardi, a design by Flaxman for the Agamemnon of Æschylus, and some instantaneous photographs recently taken from life.—Mr. Henry Wallis writes on some recent acquisitions at the National Gallery; and other articles of moderate interest complete an average number.

## HUNTING IN NORTHERN WYOMING

### STUCK IN A MUD HOLE

IN crossing the small alkali creeks that abound throughout Western America, and of which the sides are excessively steep and slippery, it is a matter of constant occurrence that the unfortunate emigrant traveller or hunter, as the case may be, finds himself in the position depicted in our sketch. A mule-team is a difficult thing to "handle," as the Western phrase has it, and in crossing these creeks, unless in the hands of an expert "mule whacker" (as these teamsters are called), the mules will balk, and nothing can then be done but completely unload the waggon, pull it out, and reload it. A good set of animals, however, well handled, will by steady pulling and creeping up one step at a time, come out with a very heavy load from one of these holes without any trouble, but voice and whip must be well employed at the slightest sign of hesitation on their part. The peculiar appearance which mules present when putting their shoulders well into the collar and getting down to their work on slippery ground is worth remarking, as no other animal can work as heartily as a mule—when he chooses.

### BEARS AT HOME

THE bear most frequently found on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains is the Cinnamon Bear, so called from his peculiar colour. They are of a timid nature, and never attack man unless closely pursued when wounded. They are of two kinds, the smaller sort, as depicted in the sketch of bears at home, are the harmless ones, but there is, however, a larger species that is more like a grizzly bear. These are very fierce and grow to great size. In our centre sketch of

### A CRITICAL MOMENT

we see one of these that has caught a too-daring hunter in his grip. The bear had been wounded, and retreated into a thicket of red willow and bunch grass, whence, having no dogs, it was not possible to dislodge him. The hunters, therefore, decided to beat him out, and this unwary one was caught by the bear. One stroke of his powerful paw, that to a looker-on seemed no harder than a gentle pat, laid bare the man's shoulder blade. The hunter drew his knife and stabbed the bear several times, but was unable to free himself from its embrace. The man and bear were so completely mixed up, that those who, hearing the struggle, had come up, were unable to render any assistance. At last Captain W—, by a clever and plucky shot, gave the animal his quietus, and freed the unfortunate hunter, more dead than alive, from an embrace far closer than was pleasant. The hunter ultimately recovered, but fights shy of driving bears from willows.

### OLD BULL BEATS NO DINNER

No one would eat a steak from an old bull buffalo for choice; but the traveller is sometimes hard pressed for anything to eat when crossing the long stretches of sage brush desert where hardly a living creature is to be found, but in North-Western Wyoming, where buffalo still exist in some numbers, one occasionally comes on an old bull, so old that he has been run out of the herd by the younger ones, and who, destined to spend the rest of his life in lonely grandeur on the plains, roams these desolate stretches of country. In that case the hungry man decides that even old bull buffalo is better than nothing. Our sketch shows a traveller who, having had nothing all day, at sundown comes on one of them. He has dismounted from his horse, and is commencing to stalk; it is anxious work, for a movement of your horse, a false step, and you see your dinner gallop off, and you are left to go

### SUPPERLESS AND WATERLESS

to rest, a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished for. The horse seems to know what is going on, and if the reins or a rope are left on the ground, will stand still as a statue, watching as anxiously the result as a human being, and many of them are so well trained that the instant the shot is fired they will come up to their rider in the expectation of a pursuit being necessary, and no whip or spur is necessary to urge them to do their best. They will strain every nerve to come up with the animal they are pursuing.

### BUFFALO BULLS ROUND A DEAD BUFFALO

DOMESTIC cattle, as well as their wild cousins the buffalo, behave most curiously on finding either blood or a carcass. The subject of our sketch was taken one evening after a

day's hunting. The buffalo had been shot in the morning, and had run some distance before falling, and there had sunk down on the snow almost as if quietly resting. I had delayed skinning, &c., until the evening, as I had much to do, and on my return the curious sight of our sketch met my gaze. These old bulls stood round the dead one, uttering low mournful bellowings, and scraping up the snow with their hoofs, and throwing it over their shoulders, just as savage tribes in their grief put earth on their heads in times of mourning. So interested were they in their grief that I got close enough to have thrown a stone over them, and even when I came right up they only retired within pistol shot, and continued their demonstrations, and ultimately left when I fired three or four shots from my revolver.

### "OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"—COYOTES OR PRAIRIE WOLVES ROUND A SHAMBLES

THE ranchman's rest is nearly always broken by the howling of these animals, and their peculiar bark or rather laugh is sometimes quite startling when it suddenly sounds so close to you that you look around your room expecting to see the animals in it, and breaking suddenly on the deathlike quiet of the prairie, gives quite an uncomfortable feeling to a man being alone, but on the days one has killed an animal, one expects it, as they follow the trail of the meat for miles, and even when it has been killed at the rancho they assemble in great numbers. The shambles consists of a log supported on four crossed uprights, two at each end, and resting in the forks where they cross. Through one end of this log poles are set and joined at the extremities by strips of raw hide. This is to enable the person butchering to draw up the animal when killed, the more easily to skin and dress it. The meat is then left hanging, as it keeps better in this way than any other. The coyotes having finished the offal make the night hideous with their howlings. They sit on their haunches under the meat, and bewail their inability of reaching it.

### HUNTING IN WINTER

OFF to the mountains in search of game and to pass the time is the great occupation of cattle farmers or ranchmen, as they are called in Northern Wyoming. The cold is so intense, however, that unless the feet are well guarded a frost bite will be the consequence. The usual precaution is to wrap a sack over your boots and well up to the knee, and tie it on with strips of buckskin crossed and recrossed. This is rather a troublesome thing to do well, as walking soon works it off, and one has constantly to stop and re-do it. Our sketch shows two hunters, one of whom has this unpleasant treat to perform, while his companion stamps his feet to keep himself warm, and uses undoubtedly language anything but parliamentary at his friend's misfortune. The deer having been killed a good pine pole is obtained, and the deer slung on it is easily carried back by the hunters in the manner shown in the sketch, "Home they brought her warrior dead."

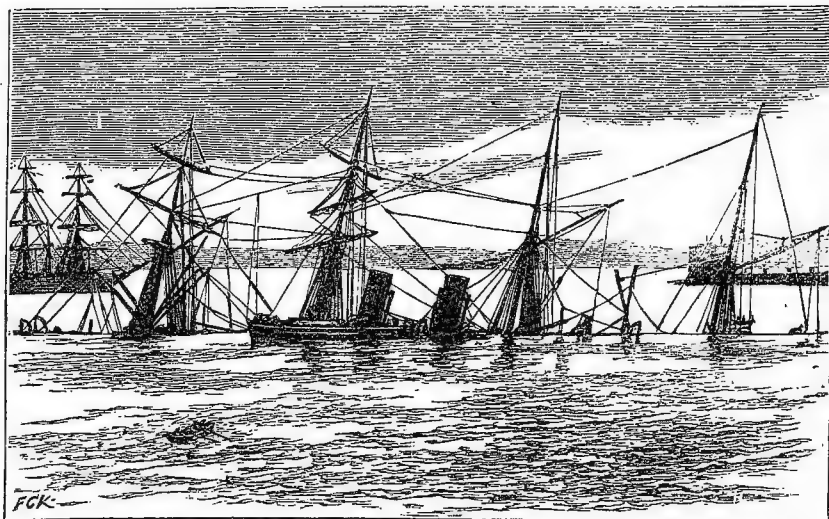
### A FATAL PAUSE

THE blacktail deer affords some of the best sport to the hunter in Wyoming. And a careful stalk is a fair trial of skill and patience. The deer, at the first idea of something unusual, stands sniffing the air and listening intently. It is this moment the hunter takes for his shot; a moment later, and the deer has bounded after his companions, and hours of following will not afford the hunter another chance of a shot. The Big Horn or Mountain Sheep is, however, the most difficult animal to approach. His home, amidst the roughest crags and on the highest points of the mountains, his wariness, and acute senses, his extreme timidity and shyness, call forth the utmost skill of the hunter. To approach them with any chance of success the hunter must get above them. They never look for danger from above, but always from below. The hunters in our sketch did not have Big Horn for supper, for they approached a herd on the same level as they were, and the sheep were across the ravine and three or four hundred yards off before they could even get a shot at them. They fired at this long range on the chance of bagging one. Had they looked above them they would have seen one who had been an outpost of the flock, and was standing undecided what to do—like the domestic sheep, where one goes they will all follow. They only found out their mistake when they saw him rejoin his companions on some distant point, having made a long detour to do so.

CHARLES S. PEACH

## SINKING OF THE ORIENT STEAMSHIP "AUSTRAL"

AT 4 A.M. on Saturday, December 11th, the Orient Liner, *Austral*, commanded by Captain John Murdoch, was lying snugly at anchor in Neutral Bay, Sydney Harbour. There were on board at the time the officers and crew, numbering between seventy and eighty persons. The *Austral* had been busily coaling for some time from lighters moored alongside of her. The coal, however, had been placed in bunkers on the starboard side, which gave the vessel a "list," and as the weight gradually increased the water rose nearer to her lower portholes. These were unfortunately left open, and as soon as they reached the level of the water a torrent poured into the vessel which no human skill could counteract. The *Austral* gradually filled and settled down into between forty and fifty feet of



water. As most of those on board were asleep in their berths, it is surprising that more were not drowned. As it was, five perished, viz., the purser, the refrigerating engineer, and three Lascar sailors. The others escaped by climbing into the lighters which lay alongside, or by boats which presently came to their assistance. A long inquiry subsequently took place before a coroner and a jury; the verdict ultimately arrived at being that the captain, the chief officer, the chief engineer, and the carpenter committed a grave error of judgment in not taking better precautions to secure the safety of the ship.

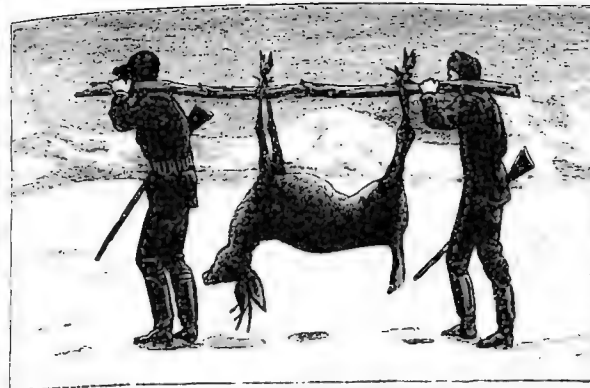




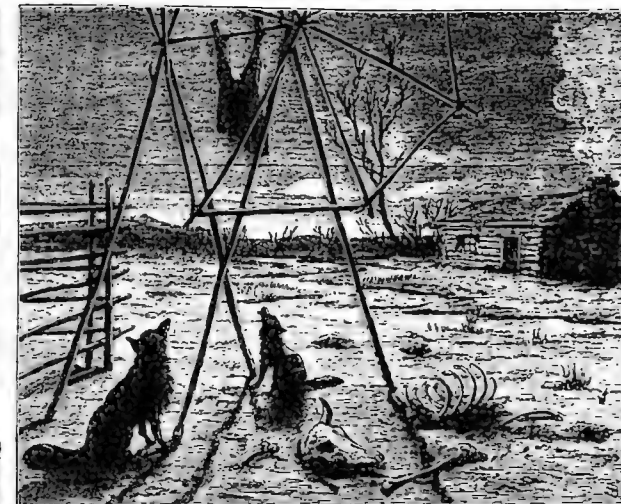
STUCK IN A MUD HOLE



HUNTING IN WINTER



HOME THEY BROUGHT THE WARRIOR DEAD



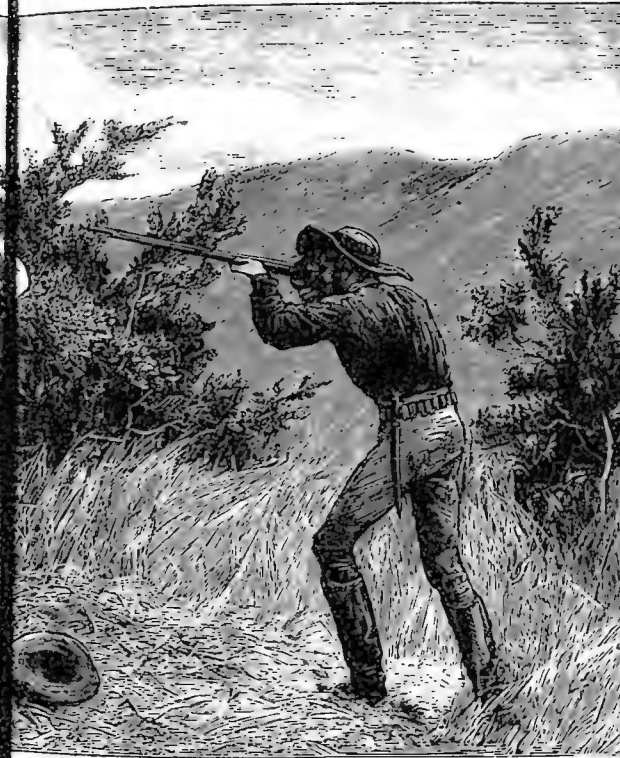
"OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT"—COYOTES OR PRAIRIE WOLVES ROUND THE SHAMBLES



BEARS AT HOME



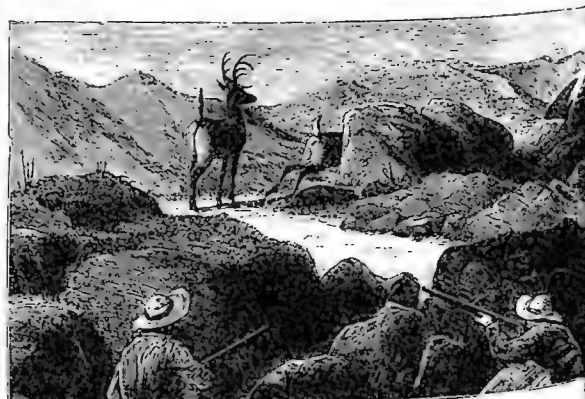
A CRITICAL MOMENT—ATTACKED BY A CINNAMON BEAR



BUFFALO BULLS ROUND A DEAD BUFFALO



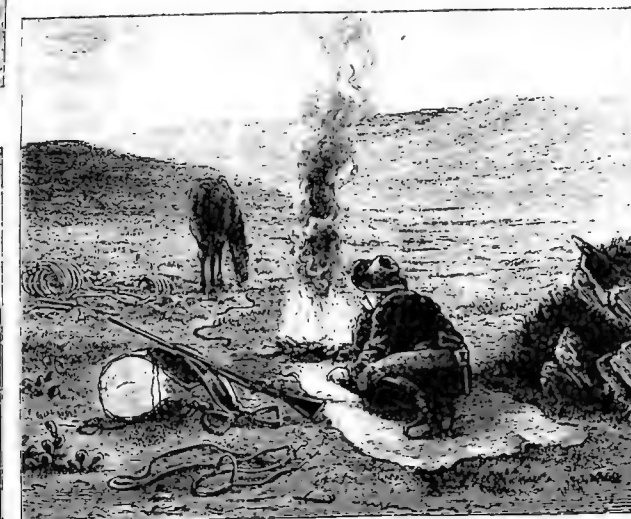
OLD BULL BEATS NO DINNER



A FATAL PAUSE



WHY WE DID NOT HAVE BIG HORN FOR SUPPER



SUPPERLESS AND WATERLESS TO REST

HUNTING SKETCHES IN NORTHERN WYOMING





QUITE lately, in noticing the "Greece" of Mr. Farrer and Lord Windsor, we spoke of Dr. Wordsworth's book of more than forty years ago. Since we wrote a new edition has reached us, revised by Mr. Tozer, whose "Lectures on the Geography of Greece" prove his fitness for the task, and prefaced by nearly a hundred pages of "Characteristics of Greek Art" from the pen and pencil of Mr. G. Scharf. In its enlarged form, "Greece: Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical" (Murray) gains vastly in educational value, and the steel plates seem to have suffered very little, those in the reprint being almost equal to the proofs before letters in our old copy. Names such as Copley Fielding, Creswick, and Sargent show that, as Lord Windsor gives us the realism of Greek landscape, so here we must look for that so-called idealising which was the fashion a generation or two ago. We do not see why the new publisher, while giving the old dedication to Lord Aberdeen, and the original preface, should have suppressed the place and date—Harrow, 1839, which marked the latter. Dr. Wordsworth has proved himself a better bishop than he was a schoolmaster; but his antecedents belong to the public as much as those of the late Archbishop or of Dr. Benson.

"European Butterflies and Moths, with Sixty-One Coloured Plates" (Cassell), must have escaped from the Christmas books, most of which it surpasses in beauty of illustration and richness of binding. Of the former nearly all are excellent, specially worthy of praise being the two sample plates of the multitudinous race of *Micro-lepidoptera*. The technical difficulty of comprising in one engraving such a number of minute variously-coloured subjects must have been great. The *Papilio* are also a lovely group, reminding one of the rainpools in a Valais road, fluttering over which we have seen crowds of these beautiful creatures. The Purple Emperor is a failure; and so is the peacock butterfly. We remember them better done in Routledge's "Beautiful Butterflies," and of course in Sir W. Jardine's old hand-painted "Naturalists' Library" these rich velvets succeeded far better than they can be made to do in chromo. Of Mr. Kirby's letterpress (based on Berge's *Schmetterlingsbuch*) it is impossible to speak too highly. He has the courage to refute the stubborn error that *Parnassia* is a British genus. We need not repine; for, after all, England is richer in butterflies than sunny Spain, though we have lost two species of "coppers" through the draining of the fens. The book contains a n excellent chapter on butterfly breeding.

A twice-told tale is not always tedious. At least Mr. Vizetelly manages to make "Paris in Peril" (Tinsley) thoroughly interesting through the whole of his two volumes. How the Parisians killed their elephants, how *viande canine et feline* became the fashionable butchers' announcement, how they tried ballooning, and got up a regular pigeon post much troubled by the hawks which their watchful adversaries soon began to import—all this has been told before; but after nearly twelve years it bears telling again. The engravings, some of them reduced reproductions of French caricatures, add piquancy to the book, which, like the time of which it treats, runs easily from the comic to the pathetic. As pathetic as anything (except Bazaine's treachery at Metz) is the account of the Chatillon affair, where the Mobiles and other raw troops stood their ground while the veteran Zouaves ran away. On the next page is the announcement that, "in presence of events in course of accomplishment," the *Journal des Modes* suspends publication. When one reads the story in cold blood one perhaps forms a better idea of the amount of human suffering and loss of property which the siege involved. There is, for instance, much scientific interest in the postal arrangements; but think of the disappointments when out of so many pigeons only a very few reached home, and when from the 25th October to 13th November the city was wholly without a word from outside except a few English papers mysteriously smuggled through the German lines. One postal balloon, by the way, got safely to Norway; another was lost off the Eddystone.

The Rev. F. Arnold's "Turning-Points in Life" (Bentley) has deservedly reached a new edition. We like it all the better because its teaching is indirect, by way of anecdote rather than by argument. Even those who have passed their last turning-point may find much amusement and instruction in the brief record of lives like those of Colonel Beckwith, and Joshua Watson, and Bishop Van Mildert, and that very self-seeking person who founded the Lansdowne family on the ruins of half an Irish province. Mr. Arnold chats pleasantly about all sorts of subjects, from taking Holy Orders to making the grand tour. Is he right in proclaiming the decline of popular preaching? We rather wish he was; but unhappily talk, whether in Midlothian or in the pulpit, is still a great power over the masses. His chapter on "National History" reminds us of some forgotten facts, such as the capture of Marlborough and his generous release by the French. We think he insists too much on the unhappiness of ill-assorted marriages, especially of those between people of different faiths. We have known them singularly happy; and, if one comes to that, no two people have precisely the same faith.

Another reprint is Mr. G. H. Jennings's "Anecdotal History of the British Parliament" (Law Times Office, Strand). Since the book was in type the indefatigable author has intercalated eight pp. about the new rules of closure, &c. (450 A—450 H). Of course he gives the grand suspension scene of February 3rd, 1881, but his not naming the heroic seven who, headed by Mr. Cowen, went on to the last voting against Dr. Playfair, is a serious omission. We do not profess to have gone all through the book, but we cannot find one word about the present Lord Derby, who, though singularly unlike "the Rupert of debate," has surely helped, even since his schoolboy days, to make anecdotal history. Mr. Jennings has not suppressed a syllable of the unseemly Irish debates, when Mr. Biggar so far forgot himself as to call Mr. Herbert Gladstone "A young hopeful, who he supposed had been qualifying to succeed Marwood by superintending evictions," and when Mr. Milbank still further forgot himself by walking across the floor of the House and calling Mr. Biggar "an impudent scoundrel." For a less offensive and far less terse personality ("Begone, begone, wretch, who delightest in libelling mankind, confounding virtue and vice," &c.) Mr. Adams had a duel in Hyde Park with Mr. Fox. Strong language, indeed, is not confined to the present day nor to Irish debates.

We lately noticed the unadorned edition of Canon Barry's "Teachers' Prayer-Book" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). It has since been sent to us bound in limp morocco, with or without turned-down edges. We have already called attention to the excellences of this Prayer-Book, not the least among which is the terseness of the remarks on different subjects. The "Introduction to the Psalter" will be valuable to students as well as teachers.

In "Granny's Chapters" (Hatchards) Lady Mary Ross gives the public a part of what she prepared for her own grandchildren. In such simple language as suits little children we have the story from the Creation to the death of Moses, along with useful references to presumably contemporaneous events in what is so strangely called profane history, and with practical lessons and moral explanations. To those who need more than a "Peep of Day," the book is likely to be useful. It has a prefatory note by Dean Goulburn.

The title of "Gesta Christi" (Hodder and Stoughton) makes us think of "Gesta Dei per Northmannos." But, what a difference! Mr. Loring Brace (whose "Dangerous Classes of New York" we

have not forgotten), proves that in its effect on woman, on slavery, on war, Christianity has unvarying made for what he calls "humane progress." This is much, at a time when many teach that civilisation lost instead of gaining by the change from the no-faith of the Roman Empire; and Mr. Brace is the more convincing in that he does not claim too much. Speaking, for instance, of the horrors of the Middle Passage, he shows that, while the Popes thundered against slavery, it was upheld so firmly by Protestants that Lord Eldon could count among its supporters "theologians the most eminent." We hope he is right in asserting that "the United States are making the most honest and persistent efforts to civilise and improve the Red Indians." This treatment of inferior races is one of the weak points of Christianity and of Mr. Brace's book.

How to pray is often a difficulty in families. Many manuals, even by distinguished men, are sickeningly inappropriate. As to "Readings and Devotions for Mothers" (Wells Gardner), we agree with the Bishop of Salisbury, who says in its prefatory note: "It supplies a want which has not, so far as I think, been supplied before." We strongly recommend the little book.

The title of "Tales of Modern Oxford, by the Author of 'Lays of Modern Oxford'" (T. Fisher Unwin), leads us to expect something like "Mr. Verdant Green" with a good dash of the "Pluck Papers." These tales will quite bear comparison with those *histoires pour rire*. "The Receipted Bill" is as full of genuine fun as anything in the Christmas numbers of the magazines. A good many of the stories have nothing distinctively Oxonian about them; but they are all merry and seasonable, with a racy quaintness of style, and an inoffensiveness which makes them excellent reading *virginibus puerisque*.

In Mr. Smallman Smith's "Guide to the Modern County Court" (Warne) we fail to see the pertinence of the opening sentence. A modern Court could hardly be other than "the result of comparatively recent legislation." Besides, most of us do, as matter of fact, know that the County Court is coeval with the potato disease. Of course it was a revival of the old shire-mote which had fallen into disrepute. Though weak in his historic chapters, Mr. Smith is full of valuable information as to the jurisdiction, procedure, &c., of this popular Court.

Mr. George W. Holley's "Falls of Niagara, and Other Famous Cataracts" (Hodder and Stoughton), is a volume pleasant enough, and interesting. The author has resided in the village of Niagara Falls for "more than a third of a century;" he has, therefore, a good deal to say about them, much of it being new, though the body of the work was originally published several years ago. To all who have seen or are going to see the Falls, the book has a special interest, for it gives their history from their discovery by Jacques Cartier to the publication of Lord Dufferin's plan of an International Park. Not the least attractive chapter is that which describes the voyage of the *Maid of the Mist* through the whirlpool, under the command of Joel L. Robinson, the first and last navigator of the Rapids. This man was brave and unassuming, he rescued many lives, and was ever foremost to help and to save; in short he was a hero—and though he was one of the few who deserve monuments, his grave is absolutely unmarked. The book is well got-up, and fairly well illustrated with American-looking wood-engravings. The chapters on the geology of the Falls are notable.

In the "introduction" to "A Scamper Through America" (Griffith and Farran), Mr. T. S. Hudson says: "With all previous knowledge acquired by reading, one finds upon coming to have personal experience of such a journey that there is enough to fill volumes with facts and impressions that other and more literary travellers have not thought it worth while to narrate." We have glanced at the chapters which follow this remarkable piece of style and composition, and we confess to a wish that Mr. Hudson had been one of those "other and more literary travellers," for certainly he has very little to tell that was worth the telling. The sub-title of his book is significant—"Fifteen Thousand Miles of Ocean and Continent in Sixty Days!"

"The Farm in the Karoo," by Mrs. Carey Hobson (Juta, Heelis, and Co.), is a curious production. The groundwork is an attempt at a story for boys, the object to convey to the rising generation an understanding of things South African. The first is a ridiculous *fiasco*, the second, in its way, a success, for Mrs. Hobson is a Cape Colonist of many years' residence, and knows very well what she has to say, if she does not always say it in the clearest possible manner. The book will be found useful in spite of those inanities "Charley Vyvyan" and his friends.

Mr. A. F. Lydon has made a series of drawings (we presume in water-colour) of "Scottish Loch Scenery," and these have been reproduced in chromo-lithography, and published in a volume by Messrs. John Walker and Co. The book does not please us, though on this point we are prepared to find ourselves in a minority. Some descriptive notes have been compiled by Mr. Thomas A. Croal; the paper is good, the typography excellent, the binding—well, we will say nothing about that. A respectable book for the drawing-room table.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—Five songs, music by Luigi Caracciolo, are of more than ordinary merit, and reflect great credit on their composer. "So Far Away" is a very charming song, published in three keys; the poetical words are by J. Whyte-Melville, who has also supplied the words for "Yes, I like You," a sparkling waltz, with saucy words, which must be sung with spirit; "Love's Omnipresence" is the least praiseworthy of the group. It is very commonplace; the words are by Joshua Sylvester. "My Heart and I," the words by Rita, are very pretty, and set to a very sweet melody, published in three keys. "For Thee," the music and words are admirably matched, and, when sung by Miss Santley, are most telling. "Loved and Lost," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Jacques Blumenthal, is a very pleasing song, worthy of the author and the composer; published in three keys. "As Years Go Past," words by Hugh Conway, music by F. H. Cowen, is a very effective love song, which is not difficult, and will surely please a refined audience.—By the above composer is "The Last Dream," a pathetic poem, by F. E. Weatherly, after the fashion of the present day, well told, and wedded to charming music which will suit the public taste to a nicety. "When Passion's Trance," poetry by Percy Bysshe Shelley; music by Maude Valerie White, is scarcely up to the mark of that fair composer's usually clever work; it is published in A and G.—A beautiful song, which once heard will not soon be forgotten, is "Sleep On, Dear Love," a most melodious serenade, written and composed by D'Arcy Jaxone and Ciro Pinsuti; published in B flat and A flat.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 57, Vol. VIII., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* is to hand and up to its usual high standard of excellence; it this year has arrived at the mature age of fifteen; we are told in the preface to the eighth volume that: "No less than three hundred and forty-one original compositions for the organ have been written for and published in this work." The current number contains a "Voluntary in Form of a Slow Movement with Variations," a grand and very original composition by Horton Alison, Mus. Doc.—A "Postlude in D," by J. W. Hudson, Mus. Bac. Oxon, a neatly-written composition; "Intermezzo in A,"

by Charles W. Pearce, Mus. Bac. Cantab; a "Thematic Prelude," by W. Conradi, of Schwerin, a masterly and musically composition, and a "Postlude" counterpoint on a favourite hymn tune ("Tantum Ergo") which is worked out with much skill and excellent effect.—An anthem, "My Song Shall Be of Mercy and Judgment," for tenor, bass, and chorus, composed by T. Albion Alderson, is a melodious and useful composition for a church choir.—Two new hymns for Christmas and All Saints, words by H. F. Rice, set to music by Rev. C. H. Brooke, both are fairly good.—They are entitled respectively, "Wellfield" and "Carter's Gate."

MISCELLANEOUS.—"My Shepherd Boy," a bright Tyrolienne, music by P. Von Tugginer, words by J. S. Murphy, is well suited for a musical reading, the compass is from B below the lines to F on the fifth line (W. Dunkley).—A pretty little love-tale wedded to a pleasing melody is "Sweet and Twenty," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham (Messrs. Ransford and Co.).—There is a true Scotch ring in "Norah's Vow," poetry by Sir Walter Scott, music by David B. Johnstone (David Swan, Glasgow).—"Red Roses," words and music by Annie Maude Rowley, is a very pretty but melancholy song for the drawing-room (Messrs. Cramer and Co.).—It is really to be regretted that Walter Spinney should have wasted such good music upon so repulsive a subject as "Old Rags and Bones."—For a convivial party "The Old Red Rag," written and composed by Frank Squire and J. Neill O'Donovan, will be found useful and pleasing (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—"England's Heroes," a patriotic song, words by Knight Summers, music by W. C. Levy, is not up to the composer's usual happy vein; the words are commonplace (Messrs. W. D. Cubitt, Son, and Co.).—"The Streamlet," an *étude de salon*, by Lillie Albrecht, is well suited to the fairy fingers of our young pianistes of the day (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—"Triste et Joyeuse," by A. Colles, is a fairly good waltz, with a vocal refrain which is very effective (W. D. Cubitt, Son, and Co.).—"Don Quixote," an "air de danse pour piano, par D. R. Monro," is easy, but bears a strong family likeness to others of the same class (Messrs. Ransford and Son).



MRS. LEITH ADAMS has written more important novels than "Cosmo Gordon" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), and two or three, at least, which are more likely to dwell in the memories of those who admire her work in proportion as it is marked by her characteristic qualities. But in adopting for once a slighter strain she has, we think, succeeded in attracting a larger circle of readers without losing any of the influence she has already secured. The plot of "Cosmo Gordon" is commendably simple and clear. Containing most of the elements which those who affect the modern form of love story, based upon artificial misunderstandings, demand, it shows that this familiar topic is still capable of being treated freshly and sensibly. It is no disparagement to that laziest and yet most genuinely heroic of lady-killers, Cosmo Gordon, to say that he is too affected and conceited to suit masculine sympathies: for it is one of the merits of the novel to which his name is given that it is likely to raise the tastes of the great mass of lady readers by meeting them nearly half way. Writers capable of giving "the general reader" what she wants while unobtrusively educating her into the want of something better are very much needed, and Mrs. Adams, with her consistency of purpose, and courage in recognising religion and conscience as necessary factors in the lives even of the lovers of fiction, is eminently capable of such work. In her portrait of Mr. Jupp she has done a long-delayed act of justice to that unpopular personage, the man who has made himself with his own money, and has shown that a want of aspirants and manners is compatible with the better part of a gentleman. Indeed nearly all her characters are life-like and well drawn, even when a trifle caricatured. Better work we have had, and doubtless shall have again, from the same pen: but meanwhile "Cosmo Gordon" will go far to make its authoress's highest work appreciated even more widely than heretofore.

The story of an election, from the pen of Mr. Henry W. Lucy, could not fail to be entertaining without the help of miracle. So far as "Gideon Fleyce" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) deals with the candidature of its hero for the borough of Saxton, it is certainly entertaining, and may, by not a few persons ambitious of Parliamentary honours, be found instructive. Mr. Lucy's satire is both lively and impartial, and is very properly aimed mainly at persons whose knowledge of politics, like that of Gideon, is confined to a misty idea that a seat in the House is a good enough social investment to be worth a man's making who has no position of his own. Nor does the author content himself with satire, but employs his heroine, a young lady whose surname is made Tandy, in order that he may nickname her "Napper," to emphasise the difference between what political life too often is, and its rose-coloured ideal. To say that the clever sketches which compose the earlier portion of "Gideon Fleyce" approach either in humour or in insight to the masterpieces of political fiction would be extravagant praise: but the novel has at any rate sufficient of both qualities to be decidedly amusing. And here criticism might very justly end, had not the very genius of perversity impelled Mr. Lucy to turn his political sketch-book into a romance of sensation and mystery. When his vulgar, stupid, but on the whole well-meaning hero is arrested on a charge of parricide, all special interest vanishes. Readers look to him for the results of his own unsurpassed powers of minute and personal observation—not for the decomposed corpses of murdered murderers, and the accompanying detective business, such as anybody can give them. What gave interest to Mr. Lucy's appearance as a novelist was that he is a recognised master in an otherwise unoccupied field, and the result, on the whole, is as disappointing as if Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins were in like manner to turn their backs upon themselves. In short, he writes throughout the first portion of his novel with a contempt for the moral of his characters which he appears, throughout the second, to extend to the intellects of his readers.

"Entranced with a Dream," by Richard Rowlatt (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is curiously wanting in motive. A extraordinary number of characters are introduced, covering several generations, but their course and their relations to one another are apparently without a plan, while there is no reason at all for their being made to do one thing rather than another. No doubt that is to some extent the appearance of real life, but then a novelist, if he knows anything of his art, realises the indispensable necessity of being the providence of his characters. Reading "Entranced with a Dream" is like walking along the street among a crowd of unknown and unconnected fellow passengers. Now and again some face that promises interest appears, and there is an end of it. For dipping purposes, therefore, the novel may serve its turn: its misfortune is that it fails to interest as a whole.

"A Story of Carnival," by Mary A. M. Hoppus (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is a slight story, apparently composed in order to describe yet again the thousand-times-described Carnival of Rome. Everybody by this time knows, or ought to know, everything about the Carnival: but the few, if such there be, who do not may do worse than make use of Miss Hoppus's story to make up their defective knowledge. Carnival doings are on the whole accurately and picturesquely rendered.



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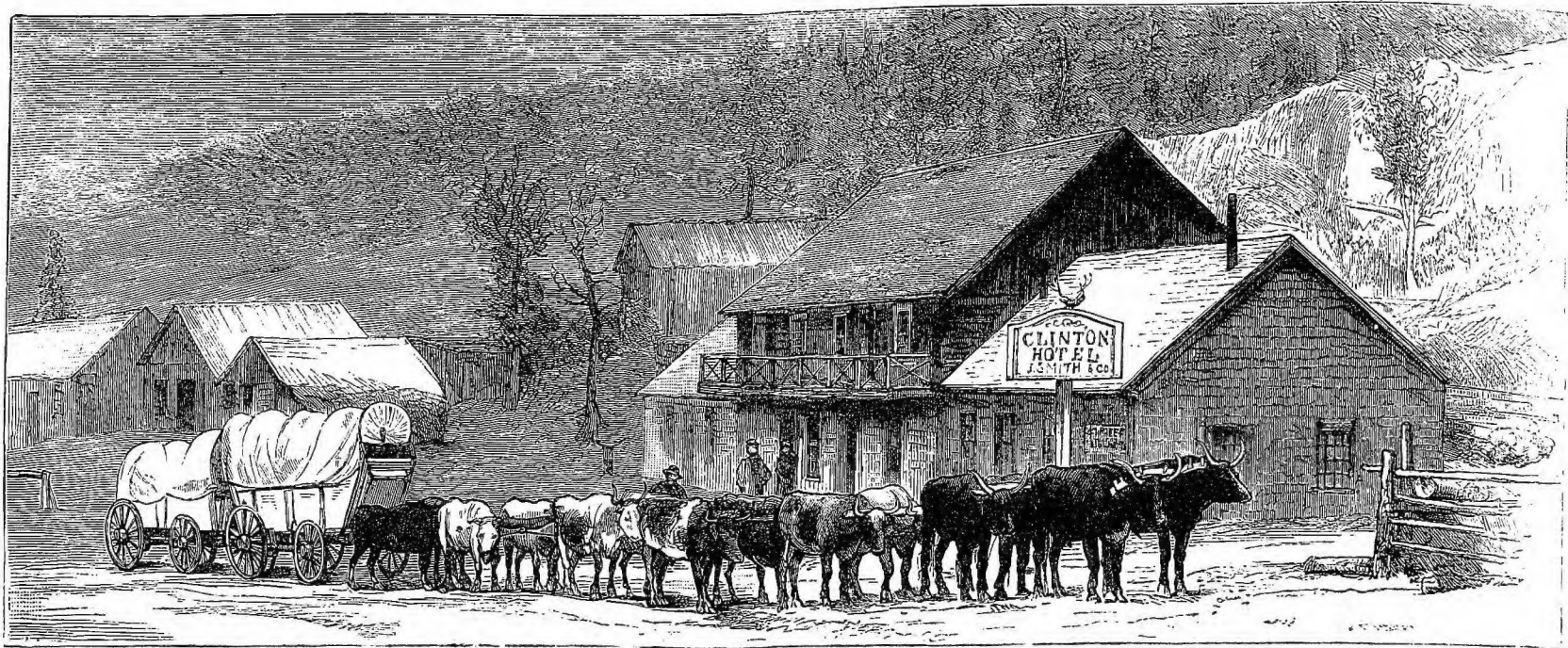
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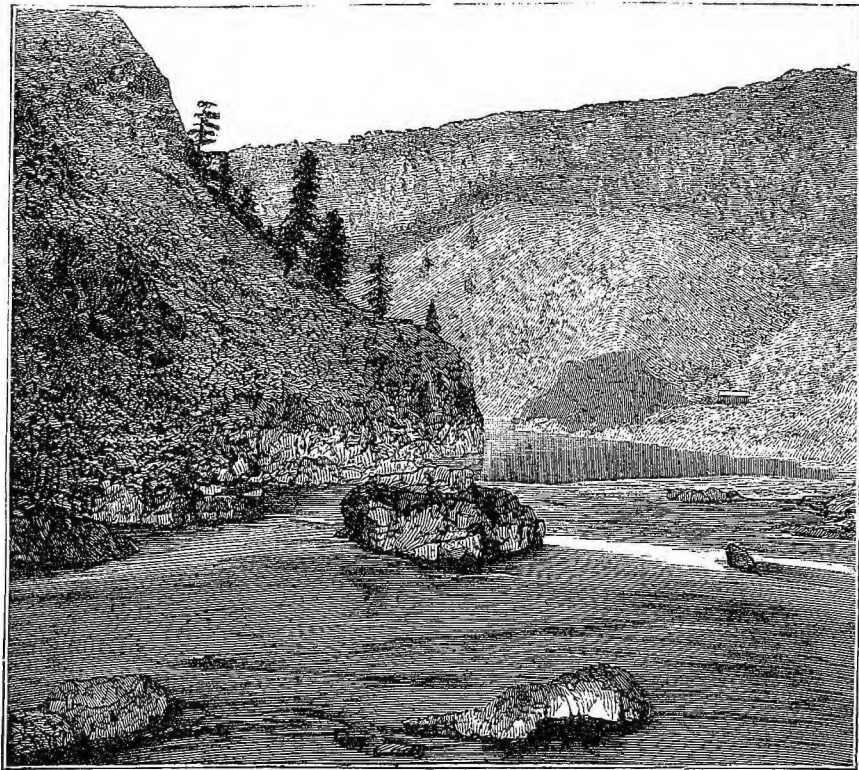
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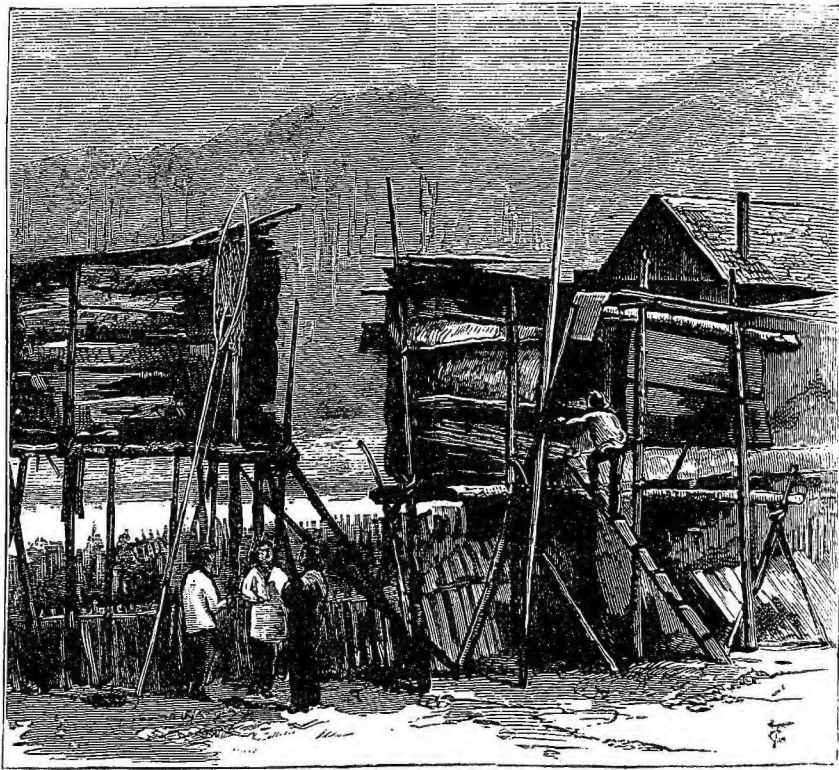




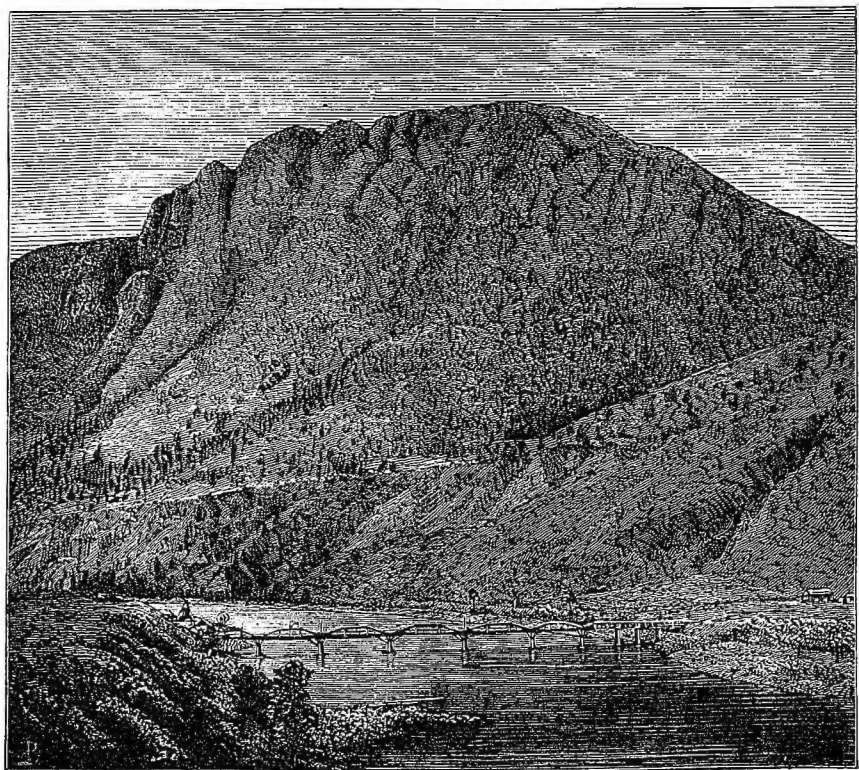
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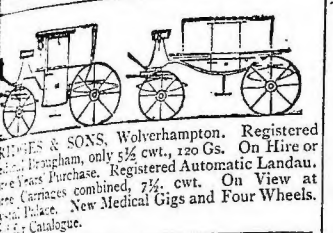
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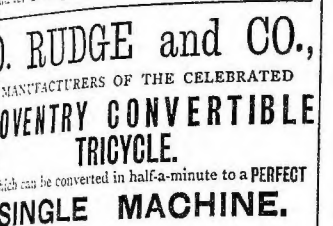
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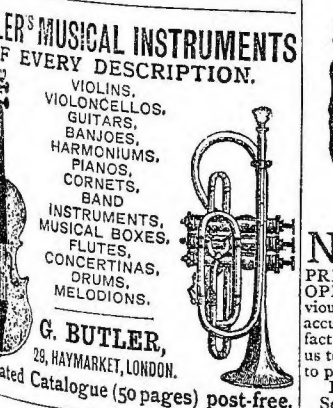
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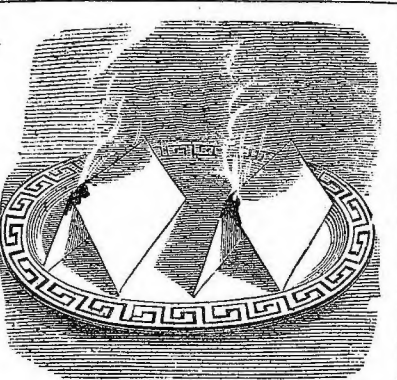
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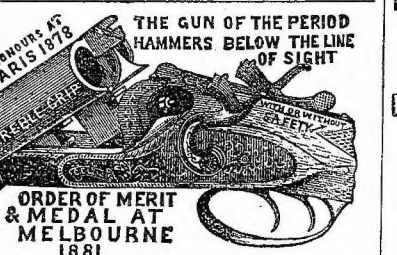
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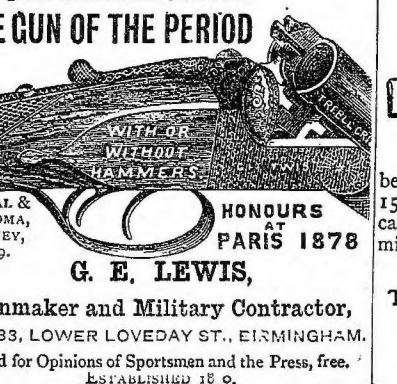
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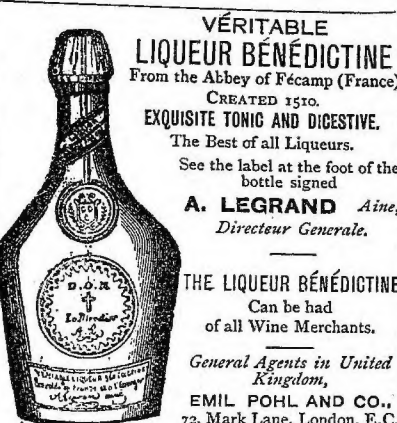
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Will clean both inside and outside at once; therefore in one-half the ordinary time.

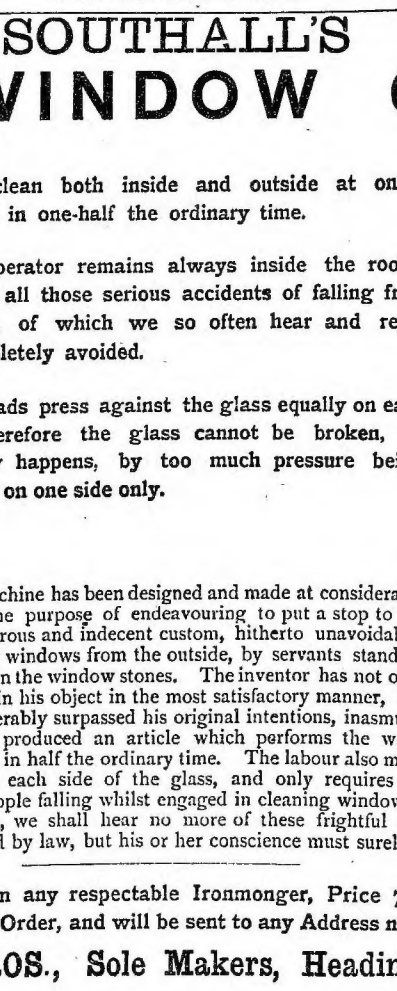
The operator remains always inside the room; therefore all those serious accidents of falling from windows, of which we so often hear and read, are completely avoided.

The Pads press against the glass equally on each side; therefore the glass cannot be broken, as frequently happens, by too much pressure being employed on one side only.

This Machine has been designed and made at considerable cost for the purpose of endeavouring to put a stop to the very dangerous and indecent custom, hitherto unavoidable, of cleaning windows from the outside, by servants standing or sitting on the window sills. The inventor has not only succeeded in his object in the most satisfactory manner, but has considerably surpassed his original intentions, inasmuch as he has produced an article which performs the work better, and in half the ordinary time. The labour also must be less, for the cleaner applies its own pressure to each side of the glass, and only requires to be moved up and down. It is said that 150 accidents occur annually in London alone of people falling whilst engaged in cleaning windows. When an invaluable invention like this can be procured for a few shillings, surely, in future, we shall hear no more of these frightful cases. Should any one occur, the master of mistress of such an unfortunate may not be punished by law, but his or her conscience must surely become an accuser.

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No. 2.



THIS CUT SHOWS HOW WINDOWS ARE CLEANED FROM THE TOP.

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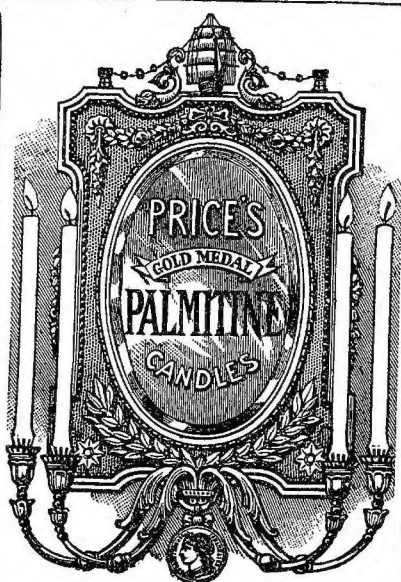
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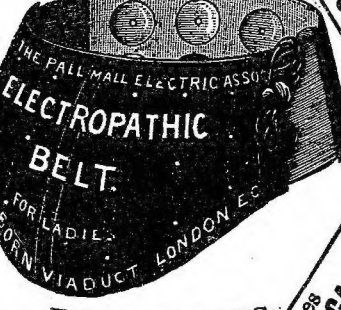
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